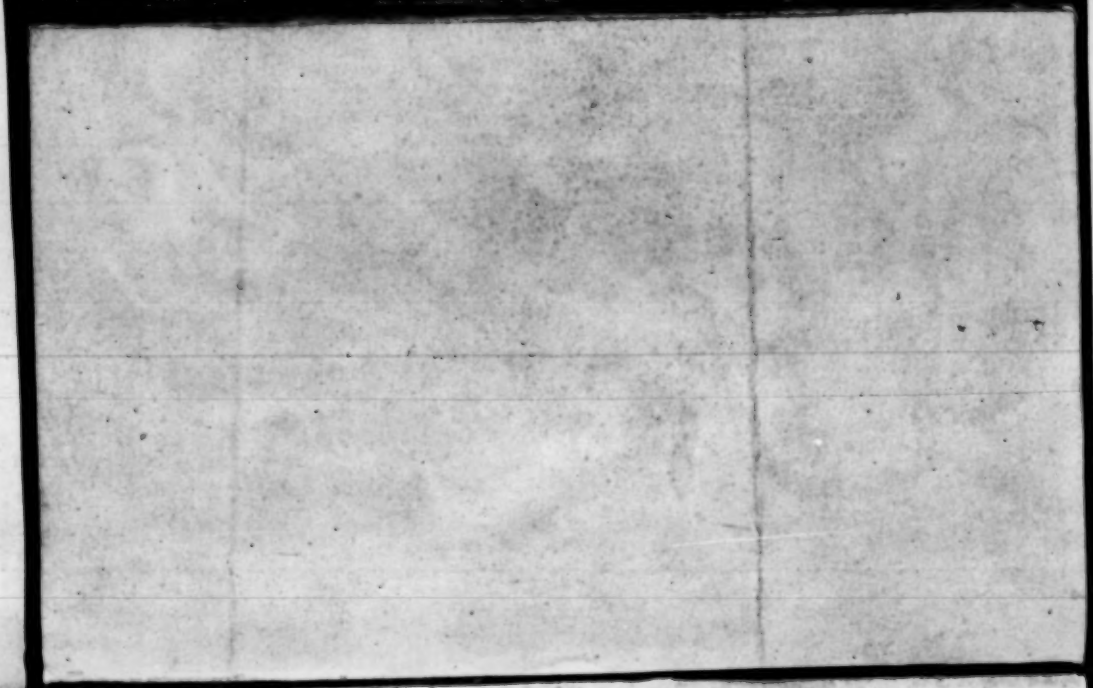


Mathew Stevenson

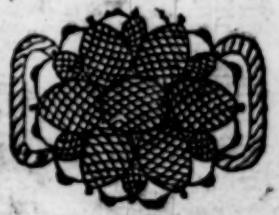
The printers proffit not my pride
hath this Idea finiſh'd.
For he pusht out the marrie pay
and Mr Gaywood made it gay

POEMS,

BY

MATTHEW STEVENSON.

Mart. Epig.
Carpere vel noli noſtra vel ede tua.



LONDON,
Printed by *R. Davenport*, for *Lodowick Lloyd*, and are ſold at his Shop at the *Caſtle* in *Cornhil*. 1665.

TO THE
Right Honourable
EDWARD
Lord Marquess of
WORCESTER.

My Lord,

When I reflect upon Your Honours Grandeur, I am ſtartled at my attempt; for I am not ignorant that the Lyrick Poet could not ſo truly ſing to His Mecœnas, *as I can to Your Lordſhip;* Atavis, edite Regibus: *But as to Your tranſcendent Thoughts, big with wonder, they are the ſubject, not of my apprehenſion, but admiration. Who then can take the height of Your accompliſhment? All this makes againſt me; and I ſhould deſiſt, but that Experience has convinc'd me, Your Lordſhip is as* Right Humble, *as* Right Honourable; *And in Candour not behind that Eaſtern Conque-*

rour, that not accepted only, but ſup'd a draught of cold water out of a poor Man's hand. My Lord, mine is in a manner the ſame, a handful of water taken up from Helicon, *which I as heartily offer, not upon accompt of thanks, but pardon; Of which I cannot reaſonably deſpair, when I conſider that in the Garden of Your Vertues Your Honour is ſtill pleaſed to cheriſh the lowly Violet of Humility, even to the envy of the Lilly's Beauty, and the Roſes Bluſhes. This was it encourag'd me thus to Petition Your Lordſhip to vouchſafe this petty Preſent, this mite, this, all I have, the Honour of acceptance, and its Author, (though unworthy) that of being*

My Lord,

Your Honours

Meaneſt, but moſt

Obedient Servant.

Matthew Stevenſon.

Reader.

READER.

BE thou Courteous, or contrary, 'tis to me all one; If thou art of my Acquaintance, thou haſt ſeen moſt of theſe, whereof not a ſingle paper but has had the approve of more than one: If not? Thy cenſure is to me a Cypher, or if thou know'ſt me, and not how to read Poetry, I muſt ſay to thee with the Poet,

Quem legis hic meus eſt, O Fidentine, libellus,
Sed male cum recitas incipit eſſe tuus.

In plain Engliſh,

O Fidentine, the Book thou read'ſt is mine,
But read it like a fool, and then 'tis thine.

I come not here to beg approbation; for thoſe I writ it for, like it, and that's enough. Every Reader is not a competent Judge of Poeſie, my Judges are in the following

Pages, who are not afraid to call it good, and ſubſcribe to it: I am for multitudes, *Unus mihi pro populo.* If thou be'ſt of thoſe Geeſe that hiſs'd at *Johnſons* works, let mine alone, leſt thou ſhow thy ſelf as much a fool in buying, as I in compoſing it: but like it, and much good doe't thee; If not? laugh at me and put out thine own, and I ſhall do as much for thee.

Farewel.

TO

To my Ingenious Friend, Mr. Matthew Stevenson *on His Excellent Poems.*

I'ave ſometimes ſtoln into thoſe Hives that keep
The ſwarms of Wits at Night; & where few peep
But either Laden are, or thought to be,
With Ethicks, Politicks, or Poetry:
And ſilently obſerv'd a deem'd Wit, fiſh
To catch a jeſt out of his Coffee-diſh.
But think 'tis either cuſtom makes him ſit,
Or Reputation, to be thought a Wit.
For in whole Evenings, I have heard no more
Of Wit, than what the Players ſaid before.
But 'tis the Mode (one told me) now adayes,
Many that make, meet there to ſpeak their plays.
Oft thus, I'ave wonder'd and as oft I ſwear,
Have wiſh'd, and wiſh'd, that *Stevenſon* were there.
Thy *Genius* (Friend) like New Philoſophy,
Does make ſo pleaſant a Diſcovery,
That we may judge thy Language does afford
Wit, ſenſe, and reaſon too, in every word.
Many can talk of Fancy and Deſign
In Poems; yet miſtake, as thoſe do Wine,
When Verjuice mix'd with Water they have tane
For *Paris, Chablin,* or *Le vine Champaign.*

Such

Such may arrive to pen a Modiſh Ballad,
And think they're th' only Wits; but to my pallat,
Their Writing's flat, inſipid, what d'ye call't?
When every line of Thine does taſt of ſalt.
Their's, like long Graces before Meat, run on,
Whoſe Food grows cold, before the ſpeech is done.
At once Thine gets and pleaſes Appetite,
As do the Morſels newly cut from ſpit.
The Reader here need take no pains to look
Which is the queinteſt Poem in the book.
(As I have known in ſome) when I proteſt,
They're all ſo well, that every one's the beſt.

Val. Oldis.

T

To my Friend V. O. *on his reading to me ſeveral Queint Poems of Mr.* Stevenſon's.

WEll (*Val.*) that thou haſt play'd me ſuch a (prank,
As this, (for which the Divel con *thee* thank!)
To coop up Wit, as ripe, as Harveſt, grown
From being Commun'cative as Thine own.
And engroſs Faculty, as ſome do Pelfe,
Or others Taylors, meerly to thy ſelf.
Th'aſt loſt a Friend of me;--leſs after ſeven,
A Reconciling Bottle make us even.
Why 'mongſt the numerous Brothers of the Bay,
That we have ſolac'd with, (as I may ſay)
As Sir *Wit* Knight, as his Friend *Wit* Eſquire,
And th' under-Officers, that ſerve ith' Quire.
At *Caſtle*, *Divel*, *Salutation*,
Eſcap'd I thy Facetious *Stevenſon*?
Who makes ſo much of nothing, as controuls
The axiom of the Philoſophick Schools.
How many Quil Wrights now would fit and blot
Their Wealth in Paper, to contrive a plot.

And

And sowre Your Faces till they feel it come,
Eating their Nails, to th' hazard of the Thumb?
Yet when they 'ave done, a Man may hunt at least
Some thirteen Furlongs e're he start a jest.
But his unstrained Fancy's still the same;
Here every other word's an Epigram.
So free, so queint, so easie is his Muse,
That he that does not like it, let him chuse.

Henry Bold.

TO

To my Ingenious Friend the Author.

THy fancy's universal, and resorts
To meaneſt Cottages and mightieſt Courts.
Thou haſt read Men, and Books, and therefore thee
Who can but call the Worlds Epitome?
Thy brain th' Idea of all things affords,
Never lodg'd ſo much ſenſe in ſo few words.
You'l be 'tis like, when from this World you paſs,
The ſtriſe of Cities, as once *Homer* was.
I ſhould proceed, but dare not be too long,
While this he reads, I but the Reader wrong.
This patch I need not to thy Muſe deſign,
'Tis thine own pen commends thee, and not mine.

Edw. Baynard.

TO

To my Ingenious Friend the Author.

BY Friends 'tis meet that ſomething ſhould be (writ,
Though but t' accompany a Friend to Wit.
Things that are rare nakedly laid to view
All do gaze at, but are ador'd by few.
The pomp of Princes in the vulgar Eye,
Would ſoon decay but for its Pageantry.
Attendants give a Luſtre, and I come
Amongſt my Friends, to fill a vacant Room.
But pray below, above, I fear the Air
Suits not the Climate of my Hemiſphere.
Scoggin and *Ben* late in conjunction met,
Such ſtrange effects have wrought upon thy Pate.
Makes me afraid near that hot ſeat to ſit.
Leſt I be Carbonado'd by thy Wit.
Thy Joques are ſmart, thy Quibbles quick, Tropes (run
As free from thee, as Sun-beam from the Sun.
Thy Verſe is ſmooth, yet piercing as the Wind,
It ſmiles, and frowns, is both unkind, and kind.
It nothing wants, but that which of late dayes,
Ungrateful men keep back, that is juſt praiſe.
I could ſay more, but Prologues ſhould be ſhort,
Too long a Preface, often ſpoils good ſport.

E. Boſtocke.

A PANEGYRICK UPON The Right Honourable EDWARD Lord Marquess of WORCESTER,

His Inimitable,
Water-Commanding Engine.

My Lord,

THe Soul of *Archymedes* lives in You,
And I believe a transmigration now;
But in its Passage it is so refin'd,
Your nobler Blood makes it a greater mind.
To shoot at Heaven, your force moves so sublime
You need not, with the Gyants, Mountains climb.
Your very Art, to quantity, and height
Is alike boundless, and to force, and weight
Next to Omnipotent, whilst in this sense
Heaven justly seems to suffer violence.
Pray we for Rain? we are supply'd by you
Earths mighty *Jove*, sure you can Thunder too.
You are that grand Vicegerent of the Sun
That ravish Seas up to the Horizon.

Stupendious Art! who can, but fall before you?
We ſhould be worſe than *Perſians*, not t' adore you,
But that we do, before we gave our eyes,
But now our hearts in grateful ſacrifice.
For outward Empire *Rome* has got the ſtart,
But *Worc'ſter* is ſole Emperor of Art;
The horned Queen has ſure made him her Creature,
And ſhown him all the ſecrets hid in nature
Whence he begat, of a Cœleſtial ſtrain,
This Engine, the *Minerva* of his brain.
Who, when he pleaſes with this little Nyle
Pow'rs in a deluge on the thirſty ſoil.
Rhodes huge *Coloſs*, 'tis true, vaſt Waves beſtrid,
And *Xerxes* Bridge on the proud Ocean rid;
But this ſmall Whale ſhall ſpout out Waves ſuch ſtore
As Ships may ride, where Men might wade before.
This hand-broad cloud makes Heav'ns whole ſurface (dark
With ſhowrs would threaten *Noah* to his Ark,
And in an inſtant makes it all ſo dry,
Send but a *Dove* out, and ſhe bids God b'ye.
Strange Art! to make a River of dry ground,
And that too, thirſty, that, but now was drown'd.
Compelling from his *Hydragogous* Brains
Invention, deeper than the Mines he drains;
A work, I muſt confeſs to be confin'd
Within the limits only of his Mind.
But, what that mind is, that is too Divine
To be decypher'd by this Earth of mine.
Talk not of *Herc'les* labours; He commands
More with his head, than *Bryareus* with his hands
With the expence of Purſe, and Brain, both great
He buyes off from Mans brow the curſe of ſweat;
His ſtudy travels to procure us reſt,
And gives a Sabbath to the weary Beaſt;

In

In what more could he Mortals gratifie,
Eaſe to the hand, and paſtime to the eye?
What I here ſay nothing at all reflects
Upon its *eſſe*, but its bare effects;
I therefore, here retrive my raſher pen,
Could I deſcribe it, I could make it then?
Impoſſible alike; that hand of his
That gave it form, muſt ſhew you what it is;
Our eyes can only lead us to the ſhell
Whoſe Soul of action is inviſible.
This Character I may, and muſt give of it
Exceſs of Pleaſure, with exceſs of profit
The gazing World ſeven Wonders had of late
But now (my Lord) we thank you we have eight
Nor is this Wonder (though the laſt) the leaſt:
Who then can ſay that miracles are ceas'd?
Thus, for Your Engine then, let thoſe that grutch
Your Lordſhips Lawrel, make another ſuch.

Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci.

Upon one Mr. Day, *at the Sign of the* Horſe-Shooe, *that laid the* Key *under the Door and out-ran, or rather ran out his Landlord.*

HEre Night, and Day conſpire a couz'ning flight
For *Day* (they ſay) is run away by night.
The Day is paſt, why Landlord, where's your Rent?
You might have ſeen the Day was almoſt ſpent.
Day, ſold, and pawn'd, and put off what he might
Though it were ne're ſo dark, Day would be light.
You had one *Day* a Tenant, and would fain
Your eyes might one Day ſee that *Day* again.

No, Landlord, no, you now may truly ſay,
And to your coſt too, you have loſt a *Day*.
Day is departed in a miſt, I fear:
For *Day* is broke, yet does not *Day* appear.
From Sun to Sun, are the ſet times of pay,
But you ſhould have been up by break of Day.
Yet, if you had? you had got nothing by't,
For *Day* was cunning, and broke over night.
His fiery pranſers made the welkin roar:
One horſe for haſt has left a Shooe at door.
Whoſe gilded nails do with ſuch luſtre ſhine
He that comes next will have it for a Sign.
His pale face now does *Day* in Owl-light ſhrowd,
Truth is, at preſent, *Day*'s under a cloud.
Day, like a Candle is gone out, and where
None knows, except to th' other Hemiſphere.
And yet, who truſted him for any ſum
Might have their mony, if the *Day* were come.
But *Day* is fled, and left our hopes in night:
Now, *Cynick*, now, Lanthorn, and candle light.
Then to the Tavern, Landlord, let's away,
Chear up your heart, hang't, 'tis a broken Day.
And for your Rent, never thus rent your Soul,
E're long you'l ſee *Day* at a little hole;
Look at the Counter when you go that way
Early enough, and you'l ſee peep of *Day*.
But how now Landlord, what's the matter pray?
What! can't you ſleep, you do ſo long for *Day*?
Have you a mind (Sir) to arreſt the *Day*,
There's no ſuch Serjeant as a *Jhua*
Put off your paſſion, pray, true, 'tis a ſum:
But don't you know that a pay-day will come?
Ile warrant you, do you but baniſh ſorrow
My life for yours *Day* comes again to Morrow.

Phoſphore redde Diem.

A Complement of a Gentleman in his Ale to a Lady of Quality. Are you a Nurſe, Madam? I want one for a Puppy.

WHo ever heard of ſuch a vile miſtake?
But, doubtleſs, for himſelf the Puppy ſpake.
Or rather bark'd: why didſt not aſk thy Mother?
She that one Puppy nurs'd, could nurſe another.
She would have don't (indeed none had been fitter)
Eſpecially for one of her own litter.
Couldſt thou prophane thoſe hills of *Alpine* ſnow
From whence *Elixir* and *Nepenthe* flow,
And prate of Puppies there where Princes may
Out-rival *Jove* in a more milky way? (lawn,
Thou mighteſt have ſeen through th' eye befriending
Breaſts, never made by Puppies to be drawn,
Whoſe each ſweet Nipple is our Wonders Theam
A Strawberry center'd in a bowl of Cream.
But thou, thou didſt not know her doſt proteſt;
And all the reaſon was, ſhe was not dreſt; (tell
Not dreſt? more blind than Moles, couldſt thou not
A Pearl's a Pearl, though in an Oyſter ſhell?
Sure thou wouldſt make a ſad Aſtrologer,
That for her Night-gear can'ſt not ſee a Star:
I ſhould have ſeen, though paſs'd at diſtance by't,
A twinkling Gloworm in a darker night.
She's not beholden to the Cloaths ſhe wears
For they are not her honour, but ſhe theirs.
And let me tell you, you were ill adviſ'd;
For 'twas not ſhe, but you that were diſguiſ'd.

A

To Clarinda.

AWay with fond *Hyperbolies*,
Subliming duſt to deities,
I purpoſe but to ſay y'are fair,
As envy muſt confeſs you are;
If you were not? you ſhould not hire
My praiſe, ſhould knees plead your deſire.
But you are ſo, which to deny,
Can be no leſs than Hereſie.
Doubtleſs the Queen of Beauty was
But like your ſelf, ſome pretty Laſs,
Till by her Cyprian Zealots ſhe
Mounted the ſtile of Deity;
Had you liv'd then, I really do
Preſume y'had been a Goddeſs too,
For in your features Men may ſee
The God of Love's Artillery.
Your Curling Treſs is allthe bow
The wanton Wars with here below,
His Fierlocks too, we eſpy
Preſented in your ſparkling eye.
Your fame's his Trumpet, and Men ſeek
His Banners in Your baſhful Cheek.
Your Pearly rowes at every ſmile,
Like *Cadmus* Troops, ſtand Rank and File,
If there then be a Front ſo fair
We need not of the reſt deſpair.

Nil non laudabile vidi.

Upon

Upon a Vintner that draws the Gentry better Wine upon Truſt, than his daily Gueſts, the Dyers, for ready mony.

1.

REport goes of late
That *Mun*, and his Mate
Although going to *Town-Cloſe* Gallowes,
They cannot procure
A glaſs of the pure
At *White-Horſe* in St. *Martins* a Palace.

2.

And good reaſon for't
When there they reſort,
The Boy in the Bar does ſtand Centry,
And ſeeing blew hands
And Necks without Bands
He ſwears they are none of the Gentry.

3.

And what if they be not?
He might ſee, and ſee not.
Or, I his bold Coxcomb would crack:
He knows they are Jews
That ever more uſe,
To have mony i'th mouth of the ſack.

4.

Let a Hector but come
With a Boy at his Bum,

And bluſter in all of a ſuddain,
And *Thomas* ſhall call
For the Pipe next the wall,
For the Mountebank and his *Jack-pudding*.

5.

To Blades of the Blood,
The Wine that is good
Brave *Tom* will draw all if he can,
Like that deſperate *Dick*
Will have none do the trick
With his Wife, but a Gentleman.

6.

Let their Bands be of lawn
And the beſt ſhall be drawn,
The Gentry ſhall have't who e're wants
For Trades-men he cries
With the Woman, who buyes
Any Butter, or Cheeſe for Servants?

7.

A Fig for long ſcore
Tom draw the beſt for
Ready mony, or you may rue it,
For a Pudding good
The Gallants bring blood
But the Dyers are they bring the Suet.

8.

If new faſhion'd Cloaths
And all a mode Oaths

Do make you continue this course,
You'l draw by degrees
Your self to the lees
And then ride away with the Horse.

9.

Since 'tis better far
To whiten the Bar,
That Ages to come may read it,
Then let us away
And Gallant like say
'Tis excellent wine on my credit.

10.

Now Dyers I come
To excuse honest *Tom*,
Though 'tis true, some wrong he has done ye
Ye drink, and withall
For a Reckoning ye call,
And ye pay him in Copper-mony.

The Fair Prisoner.

Upon a Gentlewoman that sold the Hair off her Head to the Keepers, but obtained neither Liberty nor lively-hood.

MOny being gone (poor heart) she rob'd her (head,
And in exchange gave nature's wig for bread.
Her destiny did to extreams repair:
Sharp was the hunger, sure, cut off Her Hair,
By this, had it continu'd on her Crown?
With pensive care it had been Silver grown.

But

But, what was ſilver, when (alas) it would
Not reach her Ranſom, at the rate of Gold?
Such Gold, as *Jaſon* with the Flower of *Greece*
Never arriv'd at in the *Colchian* Fleece.
Which, only were in this to be compar'd,
Each had a Bull, and Dragon for their guard.
Their fate, though, differ'd, there a Prince of *Greece*,
But here the Bull and Dragon ſtole the Fleece.
In purer Gold his head did *Sol* n'ere wrap,
Nor *Jove* himſelf pour into *Danae*'s lap.
And, to aggrandiſe ſo unvalued things,
Nature turns Goldſmith, forms it all in Rings
Of ſuch, as on Her fore-head She did place,
A Man might read the Poſies in her face.
For ſome, which ſhe indeed did higheſt prize,
She borrow'd Diamonds from her ſparkling eyes.
A ſmile enamels this; that, the *Vermilian*
Of a pure Maiden bluſh turns a *Cornelian*.
Others hung lower, and on purpoſe skip
Her Cheek, to ſteal a Ruby from her lip.
But Her confinement, ſee what ſorrow brings!
Has turn'd them, now, all into mourning rings.
And thoſe her Jaylors wear; who (Villains) ſtrive
To bury all her Beauty, thus, alive.
Had ſhe not been ſo Bounteous to give,
She might have dy'd Richer than they could live,
But, as it was with *Mydas* Golden meat
Who had, indeed, too coſtly Chear to eat,
Starving his Teeth, he fondly gratifies
The appetite of his inſatiate eyes.
Till Hunger did conſtrain him to entreat
The Gods again, convert his Gold to meat:
Such was the caſe here, at a loſs for Bread,
The Belly picks a quarrel with the Head;

Forth-

Forthwith the Head does with the Belly joyn,
And curls his Maſſie Treaſure into Coin.
Thus Hunger got the Maſtery of Pride,
That Maſter is to all the World beſide. (length
Whilſt; not for Love, but loaves (poor wretch) at
Like *Sampſon* ſhe diſcover'd all her ſtrength.
But, as She ſtrives them from her Head to ſever
The lovely Locks look back, as loath to leave her.
But touch't, they turn again; who would not grant
That every hair was here a Sens'tive Plant?
Methinks thoſe Curls that muſt a Priſon be
T' anothers head, might let her feet go free.
But now (unhappy thing) in vain ſhe knocks
That could not go, when ſhe poſſeſt the locks.
The new ſhorn Sheep is turn'd out free as air
To fleece, and fold ſtill, 'tis againſt the hair.
Sure Popery, in this Priſon is begun,
They've ſhav'd her head, and keep her for a Nun.
It had been good yet, and but juſt, to ſay
There went the hair, there went the Wench away:
But cruel Stars! ſhe to the Lees was drawn,
And nothing left, ſhe left her ſelf in pawn.

Mrs. E.G. *to Her falſe and Faithleſs Servant.*

1.

BUt, whence, (falſe wretch) are theſe delayes?
Didſt thou not ſwear
By all that's Dear,
Nothing ſhould hinder thy Eſſayes?
Thy Pinnace ſcorn'd all *Remora's*.

2. Thou

2.

Thou falſeſt of thy Sex farewel,
Art not thou he,
Didſt vow to me,
No fate's decree, nor *Circean* ſpell
Should keep thee from my Cittadel?

3.

But Flatterer thou art fledg'd, and flown
From the chaſt neſt
Of my ſoft breaſt,
And like that Night thou left'ſt me, gone,
Ah, who would ſuch a Traytor own?

4.

A feeble Hermit raiz'd the Fort
Of Secreſie
'Twixt thee and me,
O Shame! Cowards I ſee reſort,
To Love's, though not to *Mars* his Court.

5.

Thinkſt thou the Gods that teſtifie,
From Heaven above,
Thy vows of Love,
Will quit thee of thy Perjury?
That were to make themſelves like thee.

6.

Well, I conclude then nothing elſe,
But Love is dead,
And Faith is fled
Unto the breaſts of Infidels,
And there, if any where it dwels.

8.

False and faint heart Adieu, ne're sue,
Nor woo no more
As heretofore,
For here is all I'le answer you,
False and faint heart, Adieu, Adieu.

Piget infido consuluisse viro.

His Answer.

AND why so sharp? in truth (my dear) I must
Accuse your Passion of unkind distrust:
You should observe the end, and only glance,
Not dwell on the Emergent circumstance.
Shall I plunge through th' abyss of danger, when
I may avoid it, and go right again?
What you mis-construe as a high abuse,
Reason will read a requisite excuse.
For that lay in his hands, which, next our love,
Could only make our Marriage happy prove.
Our sorrows, though they smart, are yet but brief:
Never full purse did sing before a Thief.
Hypocrisie sometimes befriends a Man
To guard his Fortune from his Guardian.
What should we but invite the publick scorn,
To boast our harvest e're we reap our Corn.
The wealthy'st wights pretend the weakest store
And what they hug, conceal, I do no more.
Foreknowledge will but make us table talk
Whilst love delights in shadiest paths to walk.

For-

Forbear a while (my Dear) and then expect
Your Patience Crowned with a bleſt effect.
Let not thy heart to idle doubts repair,
Doubts are indeed the inlet of deſpair.
For know, my Heart's but one, though for a ſpace
I ſeem to put on *Janus* double face.
In which ſtrange dreſs I ſhall convince thee how
I love thee; more than all the World ſhall know.

York-ſhire Ale.

1.

HOw now Old Tyke of *York*,
Haſt thou got neither Cork
Nor yet convenient Wedges?
Thy wylie wort alas
Makes us all manners paſs
And mount it o're the hedges.

2.

That men ſhould ſit and fuddle
In ſuch a ſink of puddle,
And to and fro ſo put her!
Juſt ſuch *Ambroſia* ſucks
A Company of Ducks
Out of a filthy gutter.

3.

For my part I'le get bayt
And in my Belly lay't,
Having drunk this dirty flood
What e're my Palate feels
There cannot but be Eels,
Where there is ſo much mud.

4.

Doubtleſs the men are mad
Where water may be had
To ſoop ſuch naſty gore:
Some call't a remedy
Againſt the Stone, but I
Have laid a ſtone at Door.

Upon a Great Gameſter that ſlights his Wife and keeps a Wench, and at Play loſt his Brothers Cloak, who was bound for the Indies.

TWo Ordinaries (*Will.*) will keep thee poor,
I mean thy Gaming houſe, and gameſom whore.
If Appetite, or avarice provoke,
They like the Wind, and Sun ſtrive for the Cloak?
Who, but a Fool, having a Wife of's own,
Would leave a temperate for a Torrid zone?
One, baniſh't *Southwark*, by the *Surgeons-Hall*
For fear ſhe ſhould infect the Hoſpital.
Whoſe painted viſor with black patches ſmutch't,
Would drop like *Sodomes* Apples if but tuch't.
I thought yet (*Will.*) thou couldſt not have been (drawn,
Thy Brothers, (a poor Travellers) Cloak to pawn,
But I confeſs *Plymouth*'s a good light ſtuffe,
And he's gone to a Country hot enough.
But, what, does more our wonder yet enhance,
You threw't away, and yet 'twas loſt by chance.

But,

Nay, what was moſt, you ſtirr'd not from the place
But look't on't, and ſaw't loſt before your face.
What Clock-work's this, makes heart and elbow ſhake?
Folly's the ſtrſt, and fury the laſt ſtake.

L. B. *To his Miſtris* E. R. *to whom he ſent half a dozen pair of Gloves, which She ſent back again, and after would have had them, and he would not ſend them.*

I Sent, and you ſent back, you would not deign
Acceptance, I accepted them again.
I had perhaps added my ſelf to boot,
But Ideots know not *Hercles* by his foot.
And now your errour you too late condole,
Slighting the parcel, you have loſt the whole.
An earneſt of my Love, I ſent you then;
In earneſt I ſhall never ſend again.
Your reaſon herein you have much abus'd,
To beg the booty that you once refus'd.
So Children of a little piece complain,
Throw it away, and cry for it again.
Of any thing call'd mine, you ne're ſhall brag,
I'le put it firſt in the poor Women's bag.
In this you neither Wit, nor manners had,
Fool, to refuſe, and to remand it, mad.
Thus is your rudeneſs, and repentance born,
Like Trophe's to the Triumph of my ſcorn.

To His Sweet-Heart Miſtris Mary, *A Papiſt.*

WHat though from *Rome* in point of Faith I (vary?
Ile never break Faith, nor differ with *Mary*.
Though I don't bend my knee to liveleſs paint,
Yet (*Mol*) Ile kneel to ther, my living Saint.
If in mine ear thy Lips diſtill but Hony,
Ile never ſtand upon a Ceremony;
Ile be thy Beads-man (Sweet) I vow, I will,
For thy Indulgence is my comfort ſtill.
But if You frown? if You be Refractory,
Pray for me then, I am in Purgatory.
Yet if You ſmile, that, like a Heaven heard prayer,
Delivers ſooner than the *Porphyrie* Chair.
If for Your favour I am at a loſs,
I, though no Papiſt, will bow to the Croſs.
However (Deareſt) You diſpoſe of me,
I am reſolv'd to be Your Votary.

Upon the Fair Miſtris Elizabeth White, *Her Pocket pickt in* Pye-Corner *of twenty ſhillings, and a Key wrapt up in a piece of Holland.*

YOur Pocket pickt? ſure 'twas ſome Thief of note
Durſt dive into a Ladies Petticoat.

Strange Riddle! at one, and the same time You
Were robb'd in *England*, and in *Holland* too.
It follows then, You are dividual,
Or that in truth You were not robb'd at all.
But, Madam, let me help You at a need:
Though not in Truth, yet You were robb'd indeed.
And by a faithleſſe, falſe and filchion Loon,
A *Rotterdam* Pye-Corner *Picaroon*.
When truſting to a Flemiſh Bottom, You
Loſt both Your Venture, and Your Veſſel too:
And gave the Pyrate cauſe enough to brag,
He got Your Holland, and gave You the bag,
Beſides a prize worth vent'ring many Deaths,
Twenty WHITE Shillings and all *Elizabeths*:
But, ſure Your Fortune had not been ſo hard,
Had You kept Watch, and let Your Key keep ward.
I pitty here the Pilferers ignorance,
How Rich had he been, had he ſtole one glance?
His heart had been a Noble ſacrifice,
Burnt in thoſe purer beams of Her bright eyes.
But he had then fore-ſtall'd the Hue and cry,
And caught himſelf cloſe Pris'ner in Her eye.
Beyond all poſſibility of making
The leaſt eſcape, She is, ſhe is ſo taking.
The once toucht needle ſhould have ſooner ſtole,
From the embrace of the Magnetick pole.
For he'd been wholly taken up of Her,
And, of a Thief, turn'd an Idolater.

From York *to my Forgetful Friends in* Lombard-Street.

WHat? have ye eaten ſhame, and quaſt up bowls
Of *Lethe* after it? Or have Your Souls
Fled their falſe Earth? if not? curs'd be the Cells,
In which ſo treacherous a mem'ry dwells.
Or do my feet in paths unwonted ſtray?
Such as they call, *Terra incognita.*
Yet, if ye lov'd me, ye'd procure, no doubt,
The *Cynicks* Lanthorn, and enquire me out.
Y'have no ſuch flore, pretend all, what You can;
'Tis worth Your while, to look an honeſt Man.
And Citizens have Lanthorns, ſure, but Sirs,
The reaſon's plain, y' are no Philoſophers.
When I mov'd South y' ador'd my Horſes Hoofs,
And waited on my Beams like *Heliotrophs.*
But now are inſects by my abſence ſlain,
Till, like the Spring, I bring ye life again. (make
Where are thoſe Charms of Verſe, that once could
Vaſt Rocks, and rooted Oaks their ſite forſake?
What timber'd Men are ye? thoſe hearts of Yours
Are *Niobean*, marble-moulded ſure.
Brutes I may ſay, whom neither natures Law,
The Cords of Love, nor Love of lines can draw.
But Ile repreſs my rage, ſince 'tis my fate,
To have to do with Men illiterate.
What can I think? indeed, what think I not?
But Your right hands their cunning has forgot:

Yet, lov'd ye but reciprocal delights,
Ye would have writ, though, but as *Ephramites?*
My papers, like a prey to *Cacus* Den,
All Post to *London*, none return again.
But, now I dare ye, let me answer get,
Or to my Love, or to my challenge yet.
If neither? know my mem'ry shall advance,
Above the Clouds of Your gross ignorance.
When ye shall in Devotion come, I trust,
Neglected Pilgrims, to my scornful dust.

Upon the new Vizor Mask.

I Have an off'ring to *Lucinda's* Lips,
And would, but cannot pay't for the Eclipse;
That keeps off my benighted eye, I mean
The Curtain that divides it from the scene.
Why should the Fair pursue the smoke? Your brow
Shews Woman is a double shadow now.
The Raven's billing, with the milky Dove,
And *Vulcan's* kissing of the Queen of Love.
The Swan has clapt her foot upon her Face,
Nor can I *Juno* for this Cloud embrace.
Thy Fair face blemisht with so foul a blot,
Is like a *China* Dish in a black pot:
The sight portends (at least) a Funeral,
Where Beauty lyes under a Velvet Pall.
Here we a Deity unknown adore,
And dig for Silver bury'd in its oar.

Why

Why shouldst thou load a fruitful Face with soil?
Thy beams are brighter than to need that foil.
Let Bats, and Owls beg eye-salve of the dark,
I cannot see my *Daphne* for her bark.
Say, (my *Lucinda*) for what discontent
Keep thy all Rosie Cheeks so strict a Lent?
Say, is thy Face which thou dost thus disguise,
In Mourning for the Murders of thine eyes?
If that be true (Sweetest) I should be proud,
To lend thee mine as Conduits to thy Cloud.
Or, if thou hadst resolv'd not to be seen,
A frown to me had more than midnight been:
Or hadst thou envy'd me that happy sight,
Why didst not blind me with redundant light?
But, if to hide deformity? Then, croud
Ten thousand patches more into the Cloud.

To the Faireſt Mrs. E. R.

Madam,

Y'Are Lovely Fair, and, but I know
You are not Proud, I would not tell You so.
For my part, I commend Your sweet Complexion,
Neither for hope of Favour or Affection.
Only, since I have little else to do,
I praise the most praise-worthy, and 'tis You,
Here's no hard words, but in plain English thus,
Y'are Handsom, Young, and Rich, and Vertuous.
What can be wisht for more, when Nature places
A Heaven of Beauty, in a Heaven of Graces?
But, if You be'nt as free, as You are Fair,
All's nothing, and You are not what You are.

EPITHAL.

Upon one Mr. Power *a Parſon, married t*
Mrs. Anne Flower.

GO tell the Turtle, theſe the Nuptials are
Of a more conſtant and a chaſter pair:
A pair this Morning to the Temple gone,
To make their Bodies, as their Souls are, one.
What hinders then, but Lovers ſo unite,
May well be call'd *Hymens* Hermaphrodite?
A bleſt preſage, Learned and lovely pair,
Venus and *Merc'ry*, in conjunction are.
Thrice happy two in one; You here behold,
A poliſht Diamond ſet in pureſt Gold.
Juno, and all the ſmiling Graces came,
With Stars to grace the Hymeneal Flame.
And, after one three quarters of a Year,
Lucky *Lucina* promis'd to be there.
Well fare her gentle hand, whatever ſhe,
That dealt about the joyful Roſemary.
Be her turn next to taſt the unknown Sweets,
And chaſt embraces of the Nuptial ſheets.
And for the Peerleſs pair, we joy them thus,
Heaven favour them as they have favour'd us.
Let the endearment this ſweet Morn did bring,
Be as eternal as their Wedding Ring.
The Bridegroom of Her Sex has got the *Flower*,
And the Bride all ſhe wiſhes in her *Power*.

EPITHAL.

At Mr. B. C. *His Nuptials.*

1.

WElcom moſt lovely pair,
Through threats of drowning
In Parents frowning.
Now no doubts, nor deſpair,
Should cloud the clearer air
Of Nuptial Crowning.
No Counter-plots, no Rivals now ſuſpect,
Your wiſhes are arriv'd at their effect.

2.

No woful Willow now,
Cupid compoſes
Chaplets of Roſes,
In which the Bridegrooms brow,
And his fair Ladys too.
Hymen encloſes,
Let Suitors in deſires hot Embers burn,
Their joyful fires ſhall into Bon-fires turn.

3.

On thy Cheeks, Beauteous Bride,
Move all the Graces
With pleasing paces.
Blest he, whom fates betide
Th' *Elisium* of thy side.
This, this thy case is,
Sweet Bridegroom, but had Love had eyes to see her,
No doubt, but he had been thy Rival here.

4.

Sing, *Jo*, sing amain,
Thy tempting Treasure,
Out-bounds all measure.
Give thy ripe Joys full rein,
And *Jo* sing again.
Victorious *Cæsar*,
Beware of surfeits, though, thy lushy Chear
Ends not to Night, the Fair lasts all the Year.

5.

Come *Bacchus*, come let's trowl
The merry Dishes
Brim'd with best wishes,
Methinks I see the Soul
Of mirth in every bowl
Presaging blisses,
Your crop's full eard, full ripe Your eye discerns,
Plenty, what can we wish ye more, but barns?

EPITHAL.

At Mr. W. B. *His Wedding.*

1.

ALL that happy is betide,
Both the Bridegroom and the Bride;
May their Dayes be all of bliſs,
Each, as full of Joy as this.
And when the Cake and Poſſet come,
With ſummons to *Eliſium*.
The God of Love convey them to their reſt,
On *Joves* ſoft Pillow, *Leda*'s downy breaſt.

2.

Health, and Wealth, and what can be
Added to Felicity,
Wait upon the Noble pair,
Such our wiſhes, ſuch our pray'r.
Be fruitful as the Womb of Day,
And live an everlaſting *May*.
Untill at length Your mutual glowings move
An emulation in the Gods above.

3.

If there be a Joy yet new,
Such as Lovers never knew,

All

All here preſent beg it may,
Crown this welcom, wiſht for day.
And, may ye double all the ſweets,
Were ever found in Nuptial ſheets.
But hold! I fear we part Loves pair too long,
And make them ſell their pleaſure for a Song.

Upon Mrs. Bell *forfeiting her Faith to Her firſt Love, and Marrying another.*

IS Bell run backward then? 'tis wondrous ſtrange:
Yet wonder not, for Bells are given to change.
I that have try'd her have too truly found,
That She has nothing in her but a ſound.
She's metal to the back, ſhe loves her ſcope,
A Bell ſcarce to be held with any Rope.
Her Faith is fickle, of Chamelion hue,
You'l ring her Neck off, e're You ring Her true.
All's thine my Boy, nor can I envy yet
Thy folly, and Her falſhood ſo well met.
No, I have cauſe to be of better chear,
Since my bleſt Stars have made me Bell-free here.
I ſhall not venture on next Ringing match,
A Bell that is thus rung with a back-catch.
Thus of ye all I take my laſt adieu,
Bell, and the Dragon, and the Divel too.
This I have thought on, though for Your relief,
If the Bell crack the Rope will eaſe Your grief.
Sir, though I fear Your comforts cannot ſwell,
'Tis credit to have born away the Bell.

Upon one Bacon, *robb'd by a Redcoat.*

THe time and place, hunger and hazard ſet,
And th' combatants Calfes-head and *Bacon* met.
Bacon ſet up his briſles, one would pawn
Their Life, at preſent Bacon had been Brawn.
Whom the keen Soldier collar'd, and ſo home
Laid at him, *Bacon* was all of a foam.
Who ſtoutly thus retorted, ben't miſtaken;
To ſtay Your ſtomack, Sir, know, I am *Bacon*.
Bacon was of good chear, and thought to beat him,
But the rude Red-coat lookt as he would eat him.
And being ſtomack-full he falls aboard,
In which ſharp conflict *Bacon* loſt his Sword.
About his head he brandiſht his bright flaſher;
The very ſight of *Bacon* made him raſher.
And at each ſlive, cutting at *Bacons* Britch,
Sixteen by Honours, made poor *Bacon* Flitch.
The Son of Iron-follow'd, hackt, and chopt,
Bacon was fat, and in the broil he dropt.
Who, now, his belly full of fighting got,
Never, alas, went *Bacon* ſo to pot.
Tormented thus, in his own greaſe, he fryes
Poor *Bacon* turning up the egs of's eyes.
And ſeeing that the Soldier was ſo teſty,
Bacon repented he had been ſo reaſty.
For now he knew not what himſelf to do with
Bacon, alas, had ne're a ham to go with.

The

The Redcoat, from his bones the fleſh had taken,
And made a very Spare-rib now of *Bacon*.
At length the Soldier, having out of meaſure
Larded his leaneſſe with fat *Bacons* Treaſure,
Away marcht off that Rogue of the Red liſt,
Whom to his grief, *Bacon* had greas'd i'th fiſt.
Bacon hoy'd home too, but he could not gallop,
A Man might ſee *Bacon* had loſt a Collop.
But how muſt *Bacon* now recruit this Lent ?
Why *Bacon*, muſt to Peaſe incontinent.
And when at laſt, the matter up was taken,
The Soldier got many a pound of Bacon.

TRUTH.

I Cannot love the man delights in evil,
But hate Hypocriſie, for that's the Divel.
And I confeſs I have no kindneſſe for
An old falſe Treach'rous Sollicitor.
A Foot Poſt that for bub does alwayes run,
As if he had more buſineſſe than the Sun.
I hate that zeal that does Æquivocate,
And him that does a lye preciſely prate.
This mind I am, and ſhall be ever in,
Curſed Hypocriſie doubles all ſin.
I hate all vice, but from Presbytery,
Lord if it be thy will ? deliver me.

Upon two Cambridge *Scholars at a baudy-Houſe.*

A Baudy Houſe? and Men of Your Profeſſion?
Believe it You are guilty of digreſſion.
It may be You preſum'd that we could not
Diſcern't, for the dark Lanthorn of Your Coat?
But have a care; it does You ſo behove,
Your Works of Darkneſſe do not fruitful prove.
'Tis like, before, You argu'd with Your ſweets
Upon the Bed, but now y'are in the ſheets.
Well, You the way (Sirs) of all Fleſh are going,
We ſhould be glad to hear of Your well doing.
Ride on, and overcome, yet let me ſay,
The common Road's not alwayes the High-way.
This Paradox I leave to Your conſtruction,
The lower way's the High-way to deſtruction.
Bravely reſolv'd though, for in every ſhe
Each did embrace his Univerſity.
Pure *Nurſery*, y'are Youths of quick diſcerning,
If Baudy-Houſes be Schools of good Learning.
The ſtrongeſt Argument's drawn from the Face,
Like *Kentiſh* heirs, the *Junior* there takes place.
Yet (Learned Sirs) You enter'd but their Gates,
And they became Your under Graduates.
They ſmartly their Opponents though, refute,
And commonly maintain a hot diſpute.
I know y'are able, yet give them their due,
In ſomethings (Sirs) they are too deep for You.
You are but Freſh men in the French diſaſters,
You may be ſure though to go out Whore-Maſters.
If Learnedly You do but kiſs, and clip,
You may in time ſuſpect Your fellowſhip.

The

The next commencement, you'l out Doctors ſure,
And 't may be requiſite for Your own Cure.
I'm ſorry You ſhould travel in this faſhion,
From Taverns to the Wine of Fornication.
And make Your ſelves the ſubject of this *Satyr*,
Are theſe the Daughters of Your *Alma Mater*?
In good time, when Your money they were earning,
They ſhew you then a trick (Sirs) for your Learning.
Each of them in a *Syllogiſtick* way,
Preſenting a ſubſtantial *Barbara*.
How durſt You then on ſuch *Polemicks* fall,
Whoſe very terms themſelves are natural?
Their eyes diſpute, they turn but up their Hoods,
And ſhow You both their Figures and there Moods.
But, to conclude the ſcene, rather obſcene
This Riddle more, And tell me what I mean.
In Baudy-Houſes (Sirs) You may perhaps
Eſcape applauſe, but very ſeldom Claps.

The Maſter to His Scholars, barring him out at Chriſtmas.

IN good time (Youths) why how now boyes, what (ail ye?
What's here to do, *Bellum Grammaticale*.
I thought that arms ſhould have given place to Arts,
But You can't ſay, and now ye play Your parts.
A Man that at Your Barrocadoes looks,
Would think that you are, now, cloſe at your books.
Your manners (Boyes) has got a *Lethean* Cup:
If You bar out, your Maſter muſt break up?
And if I do? Ile be upon Your Jacks,
(Rebels) and hang ye on each others backs.

What

What have we here? a race of brutiſh Tartars?
Take Quarter, or, Ile fall upon Your Quarters.
Twigs, I ſhall bend ye, or, if longer croſt,
Ile bend the twigs about ye to Yoiſr coſt.
What ſaucy writings this on the School door,
Were not my eyes abus'd enough before?
Thus in a Caſtle, You your ſuit commence,
As if you durſt not truſt your innocence.
Your part is not to prate, but ſtand in awe,
No cuſtom (*Pigmies*) but my will's your law.
And, if ye ſtill plead with me at this bar,
You'd find me Judge, and Executioner.

An Anſwer to a Song call'd Fair Archybella *to whoſe eyes*, &c.

1.

MY Deareſt) *Archybella's* eyes,
Though ne're ſo fair ſhall not diſpiſe,
But own thy loyal ſacrifice.

2.

Nay, were ſhe cruel, and a while,
Her frowns like Midnight day exile,
'Twere noon again ſhouldſt thou but ſmile.

3.

We like our Lodging and proteſt,
So you provide a faithful breaſt,
To vow our ſelf Your conſtant gueſt.

4. Nor

4.

Nor need You fear ſince You impart
Your Wounds ſo freſh, but we have Art,
And Balſom too, to eaſe Your ſmart.

5.

Let not a thought that Death may give,
Moleſt thee, doubt not thou to live
If ſmiles or Tears may but reprieve.

6.

Dread not (my Dear) ſo dire a doom,
Forbid it Heaven, the hour ſhould come
That thou ſhouldſt ſuffer Martyrdom.

Upon a Girle, would be his Wife, 'cauſe She had been his Wench.

WEd thee, fond Thing? I am not ſo accurs'd,
Believe it, I will looſe my earneſt firſt.
I hope, I better for my ſelf ſhall chooſe,
Than e're to bring You to Your wedding Shooes.
Travel on thoſe You have, till new You get,
I'm not ſo put to't for a Cloak-bag yet.
You have Your aim, both ſhape and colour miſs'd:
For You are *Dun*, and I have now no liſt.
You talk of Loving Letters that I ſent,
In which, troth, nothing leſs than Love was meant;

I only woo'd you to ſecure that name,
Of which You made a deed of gift to ſhame.
That I ſhould court You, ſure You could not think,
Whoſe Reputation's blacker than my ink?
For in Your ſhape I nothing ſee, unleſs
You'd have me Servant to Your uglineſs?
No, know it I had rather woo the Pox,
Than e're be ſet with thee in Nuptial ſtocks;
And ſince all Stomacks (Girl) are not the ſame,
Be wary therefore in your after game.
Travel, but far, you may a Husband get,
The Hungry are content with broken meat.
The Liberty you gave me was too ample:
A maiden-head may not afford a ſample.

The Sheep to his Shrew.

I Have a *Salamander* to my Wife,
That cannot live, but in the fire of ſtrife.
And I bear with her Babyloniſh Lungs,
Born to be the confuſion of Tongues.
She chatters hard, but let the Cogs be doing:
There's mony coming when the Mill is going.
I muſt confeſs, I thought my ſelf a while
Under the Catarracts, and falls of *Nyle*,
I was ſo very deaf, nor do I know,
Whether I perfectly yet, hear, or no.
But the Coin comes, and let her ſplit her Throat,
I would not have her ſpeechleſs for a groat.
Not I indeed, if for a ſtrain I call
At Midnight, I can hear my Nightingal.

And mid-day too, O Sweet and happy choice!
My *Philomel* is nothing but a voice.
What my Vexation was before, I vow
Is not my trouble, but diverſion now.
When I perceive the Houſe too hot an harbour,
I out of Doors, and cool me in an Arbour.
I trace it ſwiftly up and down my Grounds,
And fancy, I am following my Hounds.
Or, if a chearly Sun does gild my Trees,
Methinks, I then am hiving of my Bees.
On then (my Dear) and let thy clappers be walking,
Hang ſuch a Parrot, as is tyr'd with talking.
That Miller is a Coxcomb, ſure I am,
That is offended at the noiſe of's dam.
But 'tis no noiſe to me, I ſweetly dream,
By the ſoft murmurs of that purling ſtream.
I am all Complacence, what! if ſhe lower?
The Meat's the ſweeter, 'cauſe the ſauce is ſower.
Thus Fire and Water, Earth and Air agree,
And from her diſcord flowes my Harmony.
Some are for Cryſtal Rivers only, Piſh!
No Water troubles me, that brings me Fiſh.
Man is a maſs of various mould, I'm here
(As I am contradicted) in my Sphere.
In this the method, ſomewhat is controll'd,
For here the Woman's hot, and the Man cold.
And here's all the occaſion is between us,
Leaſt *Bacchus* in Cups ſhould meet with *Venus*.

Upon a Pye lin'd with a couple of Geese, and Norfolk Lincks, after long expecting sent by the Carts.

YOur pair of Passengers in a Sedand,
Of Pye-Crust, came at last, safe to my hand.
Your Geese excuse You (*Tom*) and for this reason,
Though they came scarce in time, they came in sea-
(son.
But why, with Chains did You their bodies truss?
What? were they Wild-Geese, that You bound them
To th' good behaviour? or did you fear (thus
They should out-run the water colour'd beer?
They were so linckt, methought at first surprize,
They lookt like Felons, bound for *Thetford* Size.
And to be sure, not knowing what might fall,
You sent them too some tune, Castle, and all.
They came but slow, and well they might be slack,
That snail-like, brought their house upon their back.
To apprehend them (Cook) I hope, if we
Out-rage the Walls, 'twill be no Burglary?
What murther did these Geese, that for their pains
They are condemn'd thus to be hang'd in Chains.
Is this the fruit of Your new *Norwich* Charter,
To hang, and draw, and send to us for quarter?
Their innocence had sure for mercy stroven,
But, 'tis (alas) no gaping 'gainst an Oven.
Much less a cholerick Cook, who well we know,
Will see them Pye-bak'd e're he let them go.
Your Letter has indicted them at large,
But, at the *Dolphin*, there we found the charge.

Thus, in a word (*Tom*) of Your well corn'd Geese,
We had the Coffin, and the Carcasses.
Whom we dissected, as you may conjecture,
And in requite send this Anatomy Lecture.

Upon one (Twine) *Drawn, hang'd and quarter'd for Printing Treason.*

TWine? 'tis a fatal Name, do what you can?
No more, but, *Twine*'s enough to hang a Man.
So sad a name, that soon the Omen in't,
Was a legible about his Neck in Print.
And thank his Treacherous memory that he came
To't; surely he'd forgotten his own name:
It else had scar'd him from his black design,
He'd ne're been Traytor, had he thought of Twine.
So Men that rashly run on Rocks, and Shelves
Of Treason, truly they forget themselves.
Thy Treason (*Twine*) had Twine been in thy mind,
Had never thus thy Thread of Life untwin'd.
But Treason's sad effects thou held'st a loof,
Fond Printer till thou mad'st thy self a proof.
Truth's safe, what ever Printer does affect her,
Shall never have the Hangman his Corrector.
To put him out in *Quarto*; nor yet bring
His Bones a Dedication to his King.
Nor have his Head pearcht over *Ludgate* thus,
As Frontis-piece to his *De Tristibus*.
Nor can I think upon't without regret,
A Printers Corps should not have one wast sheet.
But buried be i'th air 'thout any Pall,
Save what he came into the World withall.

Had

Had I been he? thus much I muſt confeſs,
I would have dy'd by what I liv'd, the Preſs,
Which could not but have carry'd favour in't.
For dying ſo, he had come out in Print.
Yet much at one; what had he been the better,
He had been Printed, but, in a dead letter.
(Printer) where e're thou art? the caution thine is:
Twine Printed Treaſon, and the Hangman *Finis*.

Upon Norwich *Gallowes ſet in the Town-cloſe and the firſt there Executed was one* Clarke.

AND, can ye put up an affront, ſo groſs,
How? Mr. *Hayſets* Mare in the Town-cloſe?
Freemen look to't, if you theſe things allow,
Freedom, farewell; you muſt be ty'd up now?
Charters a Cobweb, if ye ſuffer (Sirs)
The Magiſtrates to bring in Forreigners.
You claim, and juſtly, all within that Hedge,
I hope you will not looſe your priviledge.
How elſe ſhould your Prerogative be known?
But, if you will not? Gallows claim thy own.
Yet, this is true, no ſtranger comes, but he
Would willingly give mony to be free.
For, they come not to work it does appear,
Nay, rather, they ceaſe from their labours there.
No bread, they eat outof your mouths that's flat.
For, they'l be hang'd before they will do that.
Little did *Hopkins* think or *Sternhold* either,
Their hobling Rythms ſhould be tranſlated thither.
But what is yet more ſtrange, a Clark began,
And could the Pſalms have had a Meeter man?

He ſet the firſt Pſalm there, and had, no doubt,
Sung through, but that the Hangman put him out.
Whoſe rudeneſs thus the Clark a labour ſaves,
And ſets him other, call'd, the Ladder-ſlaves.
Poor *Clark*, the Hangman was about him then,
Say what he would, the Clark muſt ſay, Amen.
He ſoon (alas) ſings himſelf out of breath,
That *Clark* is to the Miniſter of death.
Here (Citizens) ye ſee Your liberty,
Hanging, and horns a double deſtiny.
Y' are happy ſure, Your Town-cloſe does extend
Its limits, now (Sirs) even to the Worlds end.
It is but mounting upon this Belcony,
And ye may look to *Cringleford*, or *Cowney*.
Would ye ſurvey your Stars? bring but a Rope,
Ye may have leave to uſe the *Teleſcope*.
This ye may do, but, ye muſt be ſo wiſe,
As not to pull your Caps over your eyes.
As for your loves hang 'em y'have got of late,
An able ſtaple to the Town-cloſe Gate.

Upon a Young Tradeſman carrying News to a Knight, his Wife was brought to Bed of a Boy, bad him acquaint the Pariſh.

MOl's brought to Bed, that's well, and You im-(portune
The Knight here to take notice of your for-(tune.
She is delivered and You could not chooſe,
Good honeſt man, but, travel, with the News.
VVhat ſelf denyals this, with Pipe and Taber,
To ſing *Encomiums* to mothers labour?

But

But by his talking of the Pariſh, I
Judge he would have it *Filius Populi*.
He lik'd not Your unſeaſonable prate,
Your Wife could beſt the thing communicate.
But in an inſtant, like ſome babling Woman,
You make Your Infant, and the Wife, too, common.
And by an ill coucht errand to the Knight,
You bring your little one, and Wife to light.
But *Mol*'s deliver'd of a pretty Bird,
And you did well to bring the Father word.
Mean while this mighty wonder comes about,
Your Wife is brought to bed, and you cry out.

The Nameleſs Bride.

PErfidious Sheets ye lye; *Harry*'s not Wed,
Only has got a Riddle in his Bed.
A thing whoſe memory was ſo far too blame,
As ſhe forget her very Chriſten name.
And doubtleſs, but the Parſon was accurs'd,
Had been ſo wiſe to catechize her firſt.
And not have ſaid, when to the clauſe he came,
Who gives this Woman, but, who gave her name?
Sure the fond Prieſt had ended all the ſtrife,
Had he but given the word out, name the Wife?
Her fate with other Brides was not the ſame,
They came to looſe, but, ſhe to get a name!
'Twas a ſolemnity, ſtrange, and abſur'd,
They could not here take one anothers word.
Poor *Harry*! when at firſt he took the pains,
To ask the queſtion, he ask'd his own Banes.

For my part for the Bride, e'ne let her go,
She ſhall be nameleſs, ſince ſhe would be ſo.

I. G. *to* Will *a Footman, his Rival.*

Will, haſt thou run ſo long by the Coach-ſide,
Nothing will ſerve thee now, but, up and ride?
Believe it (Sir) if you take her in hand,
Your ſuit goes then moſt forward, when you ſtand.
Footmen (alas) are ſlippery as Eels,
For, at the laſt diſtaſt they take their heels.
If in her bed you ever ſet your foot,
Skip-skennel, I ſhall ride in Your Coach-boot.
When You and She in marriage bed do meet,
Each of you are provided of a ſheet.
Ile lace your back, and tear, at my approach,
Your Breeches of the lining of the Coach.
Will, thou art more for Trot, than troth I ſee,
A Rival fitter for a Horſe than me.
Lightfoot look to't, I ſhall be Servant ſtill,
To *Mol*, when thou haſt run thy Country (*Will.*)
Thou talkſt of Land, alas (*Will*) thou haſt none,
Devil a foot, but what thou runn'ſt upon.
But we will both be Grooms, and to this come,
Ile be her Bride, and thou her ſtable-groom.
Or if thou wilt? and this I hope, will do't man,
Ile be her head, and thou ſhalt be her Foot-man.

To my Couſin Mr. R. C. *coming in Mourning to be merry with his friends.*

AND why in black? what means this nights-array,
Since I am frolick as the day.
Why com'ſt thou thus in Mourning to thy Friend,
As if to mind him of his end?
In ſuch ſad Weeds Prophetick Ravens come,
To croak out our determinate doom.
Come not as thou hid'ſt Treaſon in thy ſhroud,
But lend the ſweltring Sun thy Cloud.
So ſhall he ſet him down and ſlumber while
Thou chear'ſt us with thy ſmile.
May be thy Soul is light, but that light's put
In a dark Lanthorn, and that ſhut.
Break out bright beams, and give our Wonder birth,
At the Meridian of your Mirth.
Truſt me, 'twere good and rare, but I ſee plain,
Thou bring'ſt Old-faſhions up again.
Thy preſence was a Banquet, and thou didſt
Preſent a Deaths head in the midſt.
So all thy courteſie run's upon Crutches,
Like him, makes a good feaſt, and grutches.
But prethee, ſhall I this a viſit call?
Sure thou cam'ſt to my Funeral.
Or is it 'cauſe thy Cloaths 'gainſt ſurfeits be,
Memento's of Mortality?
Thou com'ſt to laugh, and ſet good Chear to wrack
And yet bring'ſt Lent upon thy back.

Ne're

Ne're fear (good Coſ.) here's nothing needs
Such over Monitory Weeds;
We have not to preſent you what is rare,
Yet, welcom to our Country fare.
We bring You Beef and Mutton to the board,
Such as the Market will afford.
We ſhall not Pigs, Geeſe, Ducks or Capons grutch,
Our Barn-door do abound with ſuch.
You ſhall have Wine too, and when bottles fail,
You ſhall be ſure of humming Ale.
With which accept our hearts; we could extend,
No more ſhould all the Gods deſcend.
And, if this paper find acceptance too!
That's more (Sir) then we promis'd You.
But not to be abrupt, not tedious,
Ile beg your leave to break off thus.
You came in Mourning, but when You return,
You muſt leave off, but we muſt mourn.

Phylis *Funeral.*

COme now my Lambs, your ſelves addreſs,
Unto Your dying Shepheardeſs.
Your Appetites a while adjourn,
And pay Your duty to my Urn.
In Life my Flock I follow'd thee,
And thou in death muſt follow me.
Your orders twenty Lambs in black,
In white, twice twenty at their back.
Twelve ſable Ewes, like Widows poor,
Shall, as my Mourners go before.

Six

Six Weathers ſhall my Bearers be,
Array'd all in a Livery.
As dark as Night, and ſix again
As white as Wool bear up my Train.
With ſilver tips let every Horn,
Our ſad and ſolemn ſtate adorn.
With *Phebes* Creſcent, let each front
Wear a freſh Cypreſs wreath upon't.
Let no rude Ruſſet hither come,
Nor bloudy red, to ſoil my Tomb.
But pure Lamb Black, and purer White,
The Elegy of *Phyllis*, right.
The Black (my Lambs) doth ſignifie,
My loſs of Life, Your loſs of me.
The White does to the World, relate
My innocence, and Virgin State.
Now let me ſhew ye my intent,
In my laſt Will and Teſtament.
First I, this better part of mine
To the *Elyſian* ſhades reſign.
And, whence I had it, I bequeath
To the next air my borrow'd breath.
Fire ſhall again have what it lent,
And, Water to her Element.
Shall have recourſe, I ſhall return
My aſhes alſo to my Urn.
In the next place I do diſpence,
Unto my Lambs my innocence.
Moreover I aſſign to them,
The graſs green Meadow laſt nights dream.
Preſented me, my Rams are they,
Shall have my *Cornucopea.*
Item, I leave my Virgin zone,
Unto the Bud as yet unblown.

My

My Purple veins reſign to You,
Sweet Violets their azure hue.
My bluſhes to the Roſe I give,
My white ſhall in the Lilly live.
My Golden Treſſes ſhall repair
The Ruines of loſt Maiden hair.
My Orbs of light after this life,
Shall wait on *Phœbus* and his Wife.
My lofty, my majeſtick front,
I leave to *Ida*'s ſublime mont.
The Cherry, or the Ruby rather,
The tincture from my Lips ſhal lgather.
This breaſt oppoſing th' other puts,
Me ſo in mind of *Cupids* Buts.
I cannot, but to him demiſe
The place ſo fit for exerciſe.
Laſtly (ſuch as they wont receive)
Mine arms I to embraces leave,
And now ye know what my laſt will is,
Farewel my Flock, and farewel *Phyllis*.

Love-ſick Lucilla *to her unkind Shepheard.*

THen muſt I dye? and muſt I dye for Love?
For Love, that makes me like the Gods above?
If I muſt dye, what needs theſe flames? be like
You'l execute me as an Heretick.
But *Momus* teach me a new A. B. C.
If firm and faithful Love be Hereſie.
If death muſt be the doom of Love, pray what
Shall be the ſentence of Novercal hate?

If

If zealous Love merits a mortal curſe,
Sure Hate, a cold devotion merits worſe?
Yet how unjuſt is this, ſtories relate
Many that dy'd for Love, but none, for hate.
Is there no herb that may my griefs remove?
No Antidote againſt this poyſon, love?
Pitty ye Gods, pity my Youth, and Beauty,
See how each Organ buckles to its Duty,
Cannot the Incence of our Prayers prevail?
What ſhall my ſighs, my tears, my Groans, all fail?
Where is the Siſters thriſt, that go about
To cut my Thread, e're it be half drawn out?
Let me but ſee the twylight of my age,
And then purſue the utmoſt of your rage.
Why was *Lucina* preſent at my birth,
Whilſt the propitious Gods promis'd me mirth?
Why came glad *Hymen* with his taper light,
To mock me with the hopes of Nuptial night?
And why was *Venus* then aſcendant? why
Did all the graces grace me, if I dye?
But, while I thus in vain urge my complaint,
I loſe my breath, ah, me! I faint, I faint.
Deficiam parvi temporis adde moram.

To Charola *the Coy.*

2.

YOu cannot Love? for ſhame
Come, bluſh your ſelf into a penitent flame;
Does the choice Flower reſiſt,
Becauſe the faireſt? no; enjoy't that liſt.

On

On the eye-taking fruit,
Plead not yet ripe? away, there needs no ſute.
Why Woman are as truly ours,
To be enjoy'd as Fruit, or Flowers.
But 'tis our fault
That we exhalt
Them ſo, that they rebel againſt our Powers.

2.

Come, come, yet I affect You,
If you can't love again, let me direct you.
'T may be, 'cauſe You are fair,
And levigable as the downy air.
You ſtand upon't, You will not yield,
But, *Phœnix* like, Your ſelf will build,
Do ſo, and then
Repent again,
When *Autumn* has poſſeſt your once fair field.

3.

But, ah, behold I woe,
That ſhould command, I beg, and glad on't too:
My *Charola* admires,
Since ſhe is ice, I ſo complain of Fires:
Had ſhe a flaming Dart,
She then would warm her own cold heart.
Ah me! does not lame nature ſtint,
Her flame-begetting ſparks to flint?
Pray do but feel
The ſtone cold ſteel,
And if you can, ſay there's no fire within't.

4. But,

4.

But, ah, my fond complaint
My obſequies attend a ſcornful Saint.
Watter by dropping oft,
Sinks ſomething in a marble ſoft.
But, my moiſt eyes procure
No gentleneſs, but make much more obdure
Well, I have done my doe, for I
Find all things meet in miſery.
And to ſurvive
In vain I ſtrive,
My Angel, I muſt dye,
'Tis nobler by conſent than force to dye.

5.

How? dye? did not
The Queen of Beauty on *Adonis* dote?
And *Paris* confident eyes
Survey the Features of three deities?
But, ah, far more Divine
Is my fair Saint than that *Pariſian* trine.
Whom, while I court my hopes but rear
A fancy'd Caſtle in the air.
Not unlike thoſe
That do ſuppoſe
Their wiſh effected in a falling Star.

Abſterian

Abſtemia *to Her importunate Lover.*

1.

I Never was in Love,
Nor will be for my part,
I never felt the Archer move,
Alas, he has no Dart
Or elſe, no eyes to hit my Heart.

2.

And yet doth love I vow
In this my Boſom reign,
But I proteſt, 'tis not with You,
Pardon me (Sir) I tell You plain,
'Tis with *Diana*'s Maiden train.

3.

And, though I lend an ear,
When You preſent Your ditty,
Preſume not, I affect your gear,
Or You that would ſeem witty,
Good faith, 'tis not in love, but pitty.

4.

Hence then poor Flatterers
I am, and will be free
Like thoſe Cœleſtial Choriſters,
I'le hug my Liberty,
'Tis that, and only that, pleaſe me.

To Mr. Howes *upon his ridiculous Epitaph, on a Parliament Colonels Wife.*

PUt, didſt thou pump this lamentable ſtuffe?
Proteſt, the lines are pittiful enough. (her?
Th'are ſhallow; but wouldſt thou in memory keep
Speak to th' Engraver, that he ſink 'em deeper.
Thou, for the Funeral didſt thy Verſes ſort,
As Men do Sugar Plums, ſome long, ſome ſhort.
(pin'd,
'Twas good luck, though, they to the hearſe were
Elſe being lame they'd ſure been left behind.
What think you, if the Colonel ſhould ſee't,
That you preſent his Wife with ſuch a ſhee't?
Sure ſhe was Rich enough to leave behind her
Othergate ſtuffe than thy foul ſheet to wind her.
Didſt thou intend this howling to her honour?
Thou'ſt plaid the Sexton and thrown dirt upon her.
Thou ſhouldſt have lighted too thy diſmal daſhes
At the next Torch, and cry'd aſhes to aſhes.
Then, as her Prieſt, or Poet, chooſe thee whether,
Thou'dſt bury'd name, and body both together.
Hadſt thou ſoopt Sack it would have brought thy
In better tune, & taught thee loftier rymes. (chimes

But, ah, thy muddy fancy ſhews me clear,
Thou ſtoodſt among the Beggars ſerv'd with Beer.
Thou hadſt thy ſorrow better far expreſt,
Making an Affidavit, *mortua eſt.*
Yet 'twas well done, t' avouch it with thy name,
Leſt other Men ſhould ſuffer, for thy ſhame.
When my ill Fortune's dead, and I would laugh,
Ile ſend for thee to write its Epitaph.

P. T. *Of the Old Exchange to the Right Honourable, the Counteſs of* Dorſet, *promiſing him her Kinſwoman in Marriage.*

Madam,

THe charms that from Your Lips diſtill'd,
My raviſht Ears with Heavenly Muſick fill'd.
Had I led Love unto Your Neeces heart,
And pray'd Him there transfix his keeneſt Dart
His being Blind, would have left him exempt,
From penalty, and charg'd the whole attempt
On my accompt; whoſe boldneſs durſt aſpire,
Promothews like, unto Celeſtial fire;
'Twere no leſs ſacriledge than to bereave
Diana of a Nymph without her leave:
Or ſteal a Star from off its Region,
Whilſt *Phebe* ſlept with her *Endymion.*
I had been Felon to Your Honour's Blood,
And ſtoln a Cygnet from that Royal Floud.
Had not Your Grace firſt given me my Book,
The Golden Scepter of a Gracious look.

Who,

Who, now, with humble Confidence reſort,
To this fair ſtream having Your warrant for't;
Only, let me beſeech Your Honour that
You'd ratifie it with a Second date.
Then being arm'd with new encouragement,
My next addreſs is to the Lady bent,
My Fortunes Balance on whoſe only breath
Depends the ſentence of my Life or Death.
If ſuch a happineſs attend my Life,
Ile treat Her as my Miſtriſs, though my Wife.
Ile ſtudy what may pleaſe her, and contend
With fate to make her happy to the end.
As for You (Gracious Madam) deign me ſtill
The Candour of Your Ladyſhips good will.
So ſhall I be aſſur'd what I commence,
Shall ripen in ſuch Sun-like influence.
Mean while no thought ſhall from my breaſt ariſe,
But what I dare preſent as ſacrifice.
Thus I return my ſelf to both, whilſt ſhe
Poſſeſs my Heart, Your Grace ſhall have my knee.

To Conſtantia.

LEt others ply the Oars 'twixt doubts, and Fears,
I now am paſt thoſe Rocks, thoſe Tides of tears;
My ſullen Star is faln, War paſt, and I
Laden with Trophies of my Victory.
How do I bleſs my fate, that I did meet,
With one ſo Fair, ſo Faithful, and ſo ſweet!
My humble knee bowes henceforth to no ſhrine,
Though *Venus* were thy Rival, but to thine.

O what a happineſs it is to lye
Under the Tropick of a Gracious eye.
Nothing but Death, ſhall my firm Faith remove,
Nothing, but the cold Floar ſhall quench my love.
The Gordeon knot that could not be unty'd
By art, did *Alexanders* Sword divide.
Our love-knot's faſter, nor ſhall Arms, and Arts
Unlinck the chain of our united Hearts.
The noon-ey'd Sun may chance run retrograde,
And as a Daphne follow his own ſhade.
Heaven may deſcend to Earth, and Earth aſpire
To Heaven, and water be at peace with fire.
Fiſhes and Fowles may change their Elements,
And take a glory in their new contents.
But (my *Conſtantia*) when I ceaſe to love,
The Center ſhall from its fixt baſe remove.
When I divide the Thread our Loves have ſpun,
Rivers ſhall back upon their Fountains run.
This I conclude a poſſibility,
I may forget my ſelf, but never thee.
Ceres the cickle, whether art thou gone?
Sees'd not our hopes into full Harveſt grown?
Come booneſt *Bacchus*, come let's have a healeh
To our beſt wiſhes; Love has ſtore of Wealth.
View here our Vintage; ſee our bleſt encreaſe
Of ſwelling Grapes that only want the Preſs.
Haiſt, *Hymen*, haiſt, for we muſt find in yon
The end of our deſires, and Verſes too.

A Drunken Porter reeling into the Ring to wraſtle with a Taylor.

SEe the pot Valour here (Porter) I fear,
That you have ſomewhat more than *you* can *bear*
Out of the Ring, unleſs you were more ſtout,
The Taylor is reſolv'd to cut you out.
You ſtand ſo waving, and ſo tottering,
As if there were an Earthquake in the Ring;
And eye the Taylor as you would adore him,
Y'are ſo devout, you ſcarce can ſtand before him.
Do ye not hear him ſay, it ſhall go hard,
But, at the firſt touch, hee'l turn up your yard?
Nor will he uſe a quarter of his ſtrength,
To meaſure all your Quarters out at length.
Obſerve his active, ſtout, and able limb;
Porter, I'me ſure you'l never carry him.
Go wraſtle with yond Tree, you dizzy crown,
More need to hold you up, than hurl you down,
Had you as many Legs as any Louſe,
The eyes of *Argus*, hands of *Bryareus*.
All would not do it, for, like *Polypheme*,
You would be run down in this Drunken dream.
And in the turning of a hand be found,
As ſure as Louſe in boſom, on the ground.
Come your *Athletick* Art's not worth the trying,
Porter, a man may ſee where y' have been plying.
Brave ſport, a Porter and his Fox turn'd looſe,
T'encounter with a Taylor and his Gooſe.
Thus I perceive 'tis fatal to us all,
After a luſty cup to take a fall.

To a Brewer that promis'd me a Stags tongue, and fail'd me.

NOw, Your *Æſopick* Markets, Sir, what? You'l
Your ſelf be Brewer, and make me the Fool.
No matter, You ſhall find, ſo ſoon as You
Have read theſe lines, I have been brewing too.
Sure for a Tongue, your word you need not break:
You bring us no ſuch Beer makes a Cat ſpeak.
Then let us have't; without a Tongue, I vow,
I never will ſpeak a good word of You.
But, You are Politick, and think by failing
Me of my Tongue, You do prevent my railing.
Believe it not, I can diſcloſe my wrong,
Like injur'd *Philomel* without a Tongue.
Tongues are unruly members, but I ſee
That you can rule Yours, where it ſhould be free.
Thus to be fool'd, and baffled all along,
'Twould make one ſpeak that had but half a tongue.
But I perceive the reaſon now, my Friend,
Your Tongue is faſt by th' roots im th' Chimneys end.
I muſt for peace ſake pocket up this wrong,
And keep my hands becauſe You keep your tongue;
The Tongue's a two edg'd ſword, and by the Cup
Of my contempt I ſcarce can put it up.
May the Stags horns be grafted on Your head,
Till I have the Stags Tongue you promiſed.
Brewer I'm hot, and fear I ſhall e're long;
Like *Dives* need your cooler for my Tongue.
Be ſure then (Brewer) that can ſtand a looſ,
Unleſs You bring your Tongue under my roof.

May

May be you'l ſay that you have none; but I
Am ſure you had one told me a great lye.
Thus I am fain to vindicate my wrong,
In Writing, becauſe I have loſt my Tongue.

To this Brewer ſending me half a dozen Stags Tongues next day.

WE judge it juſt that we diſtend our Lungs,
In gratitude, to You that ſent us Tongues.
We were a little too long tongu'd, but You
Have made the Tongues fit for our Mouths, Sir, now.
You ſeem to make Us double tongu'd, for we
Expected ſcarce the half of what we ſee.
We are opinion'd that the Stags did dye
Of Feavers, for the Tongues were hot and dry.
But we to waſh down that conceit, did make
Them ſwim in beſt Beer for the Brewers ſake.
The Beaſts that loſt them ſhould not be more Brute
Than we, if we ſhould offer to be mute.
And, whereas wanting Tongues, we could allow
But paper praiſe, We cry a largeſs now.
Thanks then, thrice Bounteous Sir, 'twere ſin, if we
Should be tongue ty'd, when your tongues are ſo free.

To my ſtrange Rival engroſſing both his own Miſtris, and mine too.

The Scene *Jack a Newbery.*

Y'Are but a *Jack*, by *Jack a Newbery*,
To overcharge Your ſelf to injure me.
Be not ſo greedy; you two, and I none?
The time will come, you'l find enough of one.
Neither had been of our deſires bereſt,
Had You but t'ane your right, and I the left?
Take heed, you'l looſe (like *Æſops* Puppy) Brother.
One Shoulder of Mutton coveting another.
Truſt me, I muſt reſent this injury,
To overdoe your ſelf, to undoe me.
'Tis baſeneſs, in the abſtract, Greedy ſinner,
Having thy belly full, to crave my Dinner.
But I perceive my talk is to no end,
For thou wilt burſt thy ſelf, to ſtarve thy Friend.
This folly I have oft in Children known,
Either two pieces, or they will have none?
And here to thee, I may it well apply,
'Tis better fill thy belly than thy eye.
Traytor and Thief, thou rob'ſt me of my jewel,
But for the act I'de end it in a Duel.
And, faith I muſt too, come the worſt event
That can, 'tis but ſix moneths impriſonment.
And, what is that to me? ſince I muſt be
Her Priſoner, when I am at liberty?
Say death enſue my challenge? ſhall I doubt
To dye for Her, I cannot live without?

Fail

Fail not this Afternoon, then to meet me,
Preciſe at four at *Jack a Newbery*.
Your Weapons, what you pleaſe; unleſs my fate
Oppoſe? I'le ſend You home by *Cripplegate*.

At the Floriſts Feaſt.

GEntlemen, Welcom, *Flora* ſayes ſo too:
For She had had no Feaſt now, but for You.
Once in a Year *Apollo* deigns a ſmile,
And Gravity it ſelf admits a guile.
Mechanicks have their Meetings, and as oft
As the Snake tooth to tail turns, ſing aloft.
Bibbers Carowſe it to the God of Wine,
And every Bird will have his Valentine.
But I had ſav'd my labour of the reſt,
Had I firſt ſaid, each Angle has its Feaſt?
How I have been neglected of late Years
To You, whom I my Judges make, appears.
I ſhall not need to tell You, ſince the ſeeds
Of diſcord, I am overgrown with Weeds.
And juſtly verifie the jokes of thoſe
Who ſay, between two Nettles ſets a Roſe.
Am not I Queen of *Zephyrs* Family?
And my Rich train the Earths Embroyderie?
Are not my Daughters the *Olympian* eyes,
Whoſe more than terrene luſtre ſtellifies.
The muddy face of *Ops*? courting Your view
With Colours, ſuch as *Iris* never knew?
Witneſs the Field, luxurious in my ſmile,
Preſents the Country every day a guile.

But, tush, I come not here to feast Your eyes
With simples, rude, and Rustick Fopperies,
For what alas, are bottles blew or white,
Or Trav'lers joy to Citizens delight?
Hence Rusticks, hence, ye petty Plumes of *May*,
Though Wealth and Beauty of the Spring, away.
This Feast fares not with You, you are not dress,
To Crown the Triumph of fair *Flora*'s Feast.
The Lilly and the Rose shall not be seen: (Queen.
Though some of Flowers call them the King and
Nor the sweet Violet, these more lately we
Can in the Garden of Your Vertues see.
Hence Goldy Locks, though hand-maid of the Sun,
Here's no room for a pot Companion.
Save such whose pots puft up with Richest Earth,
Are the *Lucina*'s of a nobler Birth.
Th' immortal *Amaranth* shall not be shown,
Nor he who fancy'd no face but his own;
These are our toyes, our trifles, but now we
Come to uncabinet our Treasury.
The *Lusty*, and the *Country Gallant* too,
We here present, as worthy of Your view.
The *Spanish*, *French*, and *Welch Infanta*'s we
Commend for their unmatcht variety.
The Painted *Lady* (think it though no taint,
Unto her Beauty, for 'tis Natures paint.)
The rare *Diana*, not she whom we find
In the Wild Woods, no, this is Garder-kind.
Or whom a Man may look, and smiles importune,
Without the danger of a horned fortune.
Next this sweet Dame, there's the *Beyovenere*,
The Lovely *Comans*, and Peerless *Grampeere*.
Speckmakers White, *Taunies*, *Cumbers Cornation*,
All Flowers which nothing want, but admiration.

The

The *Murry*, *Mullion*, and the *Ba'judike*,
'Twere plenteous want of Wisdom not to like.
The fair *Amelia*, the Nymph Royal, and
The *Turks Cap*, the *Adonis*, the *Le Grand*,
The *Hugonaut*, *Apelles*, and *French marble*,
Are such whose praise a *Philomel* should warble.
The *Oxford* had attended on our Crown,
But that, to tell you truth, he's out of Town,
Here's the *Grey Hulo* though, and *White Cornation*,
Would challenge more then common commendation.
The *Vannocker*, the *Black Imperial*,
And *Crystal* too, the Mirrour of them all.
Both *Wiggons*, low and lofty, *Angelot*,
The *Stranger*, the *Catewster*, and what not?
The Duke of *Venice* present here, you see,
And *York*, the Flower of the Nobility.
Thus, Gentlemen, hath *Flora* shown her store,
If ye have yet a wish left? ask for more:
And yet, (Propitious Soul) before ye leave her,
She vows to bring ye in the *Prince's Favour*.
Had ye but met when Tulips were in Town,
She then had given ye every one a Crown?
But did I call the Lilly King of Flowers?
Out of all doubt then, these are Emperours.
If those be Stars? then these are Planets sure:
If these but shine? those simples are obscure.
Here's colour upon colour, you may seek,
A field to match the Graces of one Cheek.
But I shall add no more, save only thus,
That here Comparison is odious.
Ceres and *Bacchus* promis'd to be here,
And the best Brewer sent us in best beer.
Since then, here neither wants Beer, Wine, nor Guest,
Flaggons, and Flowers shall flow at *Flora's* Feast.

Let

Let chearly Cups Crown a Carowſing Day :
Ambroſe ſhall broach ye the *Ambroſia*.
And ſince Your Eyes ſee *Flora*'s Heaven, Your ears
Shall Feaſt too, hark *Apollo* moves the Sphears.

The Song.

1.

STay ! O ſtay ye winged hours,
The Winds that dranſack Eaſt and Weſt,
Have breath'd perfumes upon our Flowers.
More fragrant than the *Phœnix* neſt.
Then ſtay ! O ſtay ſweet hours ! that you
May ſee, what time ne're ſaw, till now.

2.

Stay awhile, thou feather'd ſyth-man,
And do not ſhorten our delight,
Titan once became a blithe-man,
And ſtood ſtill to ſee a Fight ;
But, if Time will not ſtay a while,
Our Paſs-Time, then ſhall Time beguile ?

3.

This Day is deign'd to *Flora*'s uſe,
If ye will revel too, to Night ?
Wee'l preſs the Grape untill its juyce,
Create a deluge of delight.
And, when ye can't hold up Your heads,
Our Garden ſhall afford ye beds.

To

To the Worſhipful A. D. *His Majeſties Phyſician going to Sea.*

ACcept his ſad Farewel (Sir) who here ſings,
As dying Swan's do at *Meanders* ſprings.
Farewel, ſtop there; O how the Surges riſe
Into a briny Spring Tide from mine eyes!
As if yet hope were left that theſe ſalt ſlowes,
Might give you Sea room, or elſe drown my woes.
And leſt You want wherewith to fill Your Sail,
My ſighs ſwell up themſelves into a Gale.
If ſtill be calm'd may You at leaſt yet find.
The Proverb true in this, my words are Wind.
Mean while I ſhall to *Æolus* repair,
That he may breath You Wind enough, and fair.
And then to him commands the wavy Court,
To chide the Dolphins from their Ominous ſport.
Next I'le entreat the azure mantled Skies,
To let their ſmiles be Your fair Auguries.
If among us to re-arrive you pleaſe,
Wee'l ſay *Phœbus* comes from th' *Antipodes*.
If Your return though be deny'd by Fate,
Live *Neſtors* Years in *Avicenna*'s State.
And *Æſculapius* like confirm the Earth
With Faith, that You are of immortal Birth,

Upon the inviting the Rebel General to Norwich.

NOt out of Love, but fear of following evils,
The Moors of *India* sacrifice to Devils.
So we to *Norwich* do invite Sir *Thomas*,
Only for this to get him further from Us.

To my Cousin Mr. R. C. *upon a Mourning Ring he sent me.*

WHat, shall I laugh, or Weep? this present doth
Present me a necessity of both.
How can I choose but smile, when I behold
My lucky Stars, laiden with Orient Gold?
But when I see it through black Curtains peeping,
Ah me! I think, and thoughts set me a weeping.
My passions fight, and flow, and it appears,
Excess of Joy, as well as Grief, finds tears.
Whilst I thus rhapt *Narcissus*-like, espy
Sun shine, and Flowers play *April* in mine eye.
See how the Gold bo-peeps in sable shrouds,
Like *Phœbus* posting through the Rain-swoln clouds.
And well the *simile* holds, the black presents
His setting, and the Gold his Orience.
Here Night and Day do both at once appear,
Where is true Æquinox, if't be not here?

Nor

Nor would it be an errour in this Page,
To call't the Golden in the Iron Age?
While I may boaſt, I on my finger wear
The pythieſt Hieroglyphick of the year:
For I can Summer in the poſie read,
And Winter, to the life in the Deaths-head.
Pretty, and precious guilt, it mindeth me,
Of Purity, and perpetuity.
For, whilſt the Gold thy pure Love does commend,
The Ring inſtructs my thanks to know an end.

To a Gentleman giving me a Library.

HOw ſay ye now? think ye I do not pleaſe,
My Friend well to obtain ſuch gifts as theſe.
What, a whole Library at once? who looks
Upon it, muſt conclude me in his Books.

To the Fair Mrs. Lucy Ward.

Madam,

'TIs hard to write of ſuch as You,
For, if I give You but half what's your due.
Such as Your Beauty never ſaw, will ſwear
I am in Love, or worſe, a Flatterer.
Yet ſhould I ſay, that in Your face is ſeen,
Nature's beſt coppy of the *Cyprian* Queen?
Or that the winged Quiver-bearer lyes,
In the tryumphant Arches of your eyes?

All

All would come ſhort of Truth, 'tis hard to be
(In Your praiſe) guilty of *Hyperbole*.
They that ne're ſaw the Glory of the Sun,
Would think the Moon light's only Paragon:
So, ſuch, to whom ſcarce a good Face is known,
Meaſure Your beamy beauty by their own;
But, could they ſee You? They, as in amaze
Would Worſhip, what they wonder, I ſo praiſe.
Could Lovely *Lucy* parcel out her Graces,
There were enough t' enrich a thouſand Faces,
Yet, leave her ſelf ſuch ſtore, as, (though her light
Had made them Stars) ſhee'd ſtill be Queen of night:
For, like the Sun on *Memnon*'s Statue, ſhe
Even with a look Creates a Harmony;
But hold (my Muſe) my Paper is half done,
And I have ſcarce her ſtory yet begun.
But, that would ask, to write ye all I think,
A World of Paper, and a Sea of ink;
Ink, did I ſay? Alas, Ink would make that
A ſpotted fame that is immaculate;
Away with inky Patches, ye muſt know,
Her Beauty needs no foil, but new faln Snow.
No, I will rather never write at all,
Than mention her, who is all ſweet, in gall.
He that the Bow-bell of her praiſe would Ring,
Muſt pluck a Pinion from a *Seraph*'s wing.
And write in *Nectar*, till her fame appears
A ſacred Anthem to the well tun'd Sphears.
But to leave what only my wiſhes are,
Let me to what is feaſible repair.
I will to *Leda* for a Quill, and then,
With the ſame Pen-knife, that I make my pen,
I'le lance my Purple veins, and therewith write
Her ſtory, like her ſelf in red, and white:

And

And when my Blood has all forſook my veins,
Let me but be her Martyr for my pains.

Tot tibi ſunt Laudes, quot cœlo ſidera Virgo.

The Middle Siſter.

DAme Nature ſeems to make your Siſters ſtand
As Hand-maids that attend on either hand.
To right, or left I turn not; Poets ſay,
The middle is the beſt, and ſafeſt way.
Fortune, and Nature are your Friends (my fair;)
For they have plac'd you here in Vertues chair.
Doubtleſſe in you the middle Grace I ſee,
On this ſide Faith, on that ſweet Charity.
Your Siſters ſtand like banks on either ſide,
Whilſt you the Cryſtal ſtream betwixt them glide.
Or if you will? they walk on either ſide,
Like Bride-maids, you in middle like a Bride.
What ſhall I more ſay? here, the Traveller ſees
A pleaſant walk between two rows of Trees.
The ſmooth, and ſilent Flood in th' middle flows,
But the ſhoars murmur at the Banks rough *brows.*

The Jovial Journey.

UP *Phœbus*, up, and gild the Horizon,
For Love and Beauty are a progreſs gone.
Stand not to gaze leſt thy too curious eye,
A fairer Daphne in this Coach eſpie.
Let ſweet breath'd *Zephyrus* perfume the air,
And make the Weather as theſe Ladies, fair.
And, if the duſt it ſelf too proudly rears,
Some gentle Cloud rebuke it with its tears?
Strike up melodious Syrens of the Woods;
And ſing juſt meaſures to the dancing Floods.
Let th' Earths green Pluſh and *Floſcular* Stars out-vye,
The brighter Orbs of the Froſt warning sky.
Let every Ditch preſent ſome pretty toy,
And every Hedge be lin'd with Trav'lers joy.
Grant Fates no in-auſpicious Hare may chance
To croſs ye, through unlucky Ignorance;
But as the Morning, ſo the Evening may
Continue, to complete a glorious Day.
Sun, Wind, and Birdes, Rain, Earth, and Flowers conſpire
A Harmony with the Celeſtial Quire.
And when Friends meet, be your embraces ſuch
As Lovers, that each minutes abſence grutch.
Whilſt all that ſee, admire Your Greeting kiſs,
As if the body met the Soul in bliſs.

To my Rival presenting my Mistris Gold, upon her Journey.

HOw now (my Heart of Gold) what mean these (Fleeces?
Hast broke thy heart, and given it her in pieces?
Wouldst thou be in the List of fame enroll'd,
To court thy Love, like *Jove*, in showres of Gold?
This is State-policy, they win the Towers
That shoot Gold Bullets at the Governours.
Thou hadst good reason too, to use this sort
Of Golden battery to so strong a Fort;
Believe me this was a well cover'd bait,
You hope she will in Loves Exchange repay't.
I hope so too, (Sir) it was sawcy sport,
Should you not get Her Portion mortgag'd for't.
May be You were afraid to lose it, and
Made an Insurance-Office of her hand.
Or did the charmful sparkles of her eye
Daunt Your faint heart into a delivery?
Go charge the Country then, for it was done,
I am Your Witness, between Sun and Sun.
You, that Your Gold thus to a Virgin yield,
Doubtless a bush had rob'd You in the Field.
How if some Thief should steal way her Heart,
And of Her Portion take thy Gold in part.
This were a double misery, for then You
Lose both Your Ship, and Your Rich Cargo too;
May be You think You have good Anchor hold,
And, in her Pockets bottom trust Your Gold.

Maidens are mutable, be wiſe, beware
The Wind, and Waves no more unconſtant are.
But you have ballanc'd her with Gold, leſt ſhe,
Or You, ſhould ſuffer by her levity.
But You abus'd Your ſelf, and Her, much more,
To give her mony, give it to a Whore.
This I muſt ſay for her, ſhe does not carry
The needy Garb of one that's mercenary.
I wonder ſhe would take't? But 'tis an old
Proverb, that none but mad folks refuſe Gold.
But, all the World, (ſhould you now be deſerted)
Would ſay, A fool and's mony is ſoon parted.

Upon a Porter catching a Gentlewoman as She paſs'd by him.

LAſt night, a Porter ſtanding by the *Pye*
At *Aldgate*, ſaw a handſom Laſs cóme by;
To whom he flew with all his ſpeed to court her,
I wonder'd, for ſhe did not call a Porter?
Still he did hug, and in his arms enfold Her,
As if he meant to heave her on his ſhoulder.
He wo'd her ſo, a ſtander by ſtrait ſwore,
Some Gentleman had ſent him for a Whore.
She call'd him Rogue, and may be call'd him right,
Yet he, ſhe ſhould not go, ſwore by this light.
Porter, ſaid I, take heed, though ſhe be not
Too heavy, Sirrah, ſhe may be too hot.
Ye both wear bags, diſtinguiſht the ſame way,
With Fryars, ſhe of Black, and You of Gray,
You have a pad, and ſhe for ought I ſaw,
Was like enough to have a pad ith' ſtraw:

You

You have a Cord which you about You caſt,
She had a cordy Robe about her waſte.
What hinders then? but, here may be a Marriage,
For you two Perſons are of equal carriage.

Of Summer.

SNakes caſt their skins, and they are young again:
Summer's the ſubſtance, Winter the caſt skin.
Summer is Youth in ſprightly Æquipage:
Winter's decrepit, crazy uſeleſſe Age.
Summer's all praiſe, what need it then a Poet, (it?
To ſpeak it fair, ſince who knows nought elſe know
Sols aureate beams ſo gild the Worlds vaſt ſtage,
'Twere ſmall miſtake to call't the Golden Age.
I might imbelliſh Summers ſweet complexion,
Call Winter Death, Summer the Reſurrection.
And when my tale with all my Art is told,
What will the World reply? why this is old.
Nor is it more than Children uſe to ſay,
A Summers Evening, is a Winters day.
But Ile abruptly off, and what I have
Begun abſurdly, as abſurdly leave.
Leſt I ſhould ſcale the Spheres, and blind with light,
Set in a Cloud, and ſimply ſay, Good night.

In praiſe of Winter.

HOnour and Age inhabit the ſame Sphere:
Winter is the Antiquity of the Year.
Grave, Signior, *Hyems!* ſo his hoary Pate
And ſnowy Beard, denounce his Aged State.
See but how like a Stately Traveller,
Northward he comes, *Autumn*'s his Harbinger,
That bids the Trees unmask, unveil their creſts,
That he may read ſubmiſſion on their Breaſts.
Whilſt their green off-ſpring lowly fall, to Greet
The Potent preſence of his ſtable feet.
The Gawdy banks pack up, alas, here comes
No Midwife, *April* to unteem their Wombs.
No, here the ſhowr'd down Waters ſtand amaz'd,
Floods Cryſtallin'd are, *Neptune*'s Hall is glaz'd.
Spouts have their Pendents, paultry thatch receives
Tranſlucent Cryſtal to adorn his Eaves.
Leda's a Fable, but I here preſume
To juſtifie, that *Jove* deſcends in plume;
And, better, to inform the Earth he comes,
The Heavens ſend down whole ſhowers of Sugar Plumbs.
Where every Peaſant is at leaſt an Earl,
And like the Pope bedecks his ſhooes with Pearl.
But here's not all of Winter; You may ſee
His Providence o're mortal wights, whilſt he
Locks up the Grain ith' boſom of the Earth,
Till *Ceres* bleſs it with a thriving birth.
How would the tender blade bear the Winds tugg,
But Winter guards it with his Snow white Rug?

We

We may conclude his power, in that he can
Enjoyn the *Alps* a pennance as a man.
The ſawcy duſt checkt into mud, and mire,
Merits no mention, our reports are higher.
Summer breeds ſurfeirs, and infects the blood:
Winter is hail again, and makes all good.
Is Beauty of eſteem? then Winter can,
Boaſt he abſterges Summers freckled tan.
Ladies ſo ſpruce to captivate mens ſight,
Borrow *Mareh* Winds to make that ſpruſeneſs white.
Winter makes men couragious, who dare
Dance upon *Thetis* Lap at Mid-Summer?
In Summers dayes even length and lazineſs meet:
Winters are ſhort, the Proverb's ſhort and ſweet.
There's none ſo bad to be call'd Dog-dayes here,
No, no, we move not in ſo baſe a Sphere.
No ſcorching Sun offends; any man may
With a good Faggot, make a Summers day.
What entertainment to a Winters toaſt,
What Chriſtmas pray can *June*, or *July* boaſt?
Summer, alas, has no *Æolian* breath,
To reſcue his periſhing coals from death.
Flame colour'd Hearths even ready to expire,
Look pale as Aſhes, *Sol* puts out the fire.
Trees ſtrait are cropt then, and their verdant locks
Borrow'd to border out the Chimney-ſtocks,
Set out with Trunks of Trees, Legs, Arms and all,
As if the Chimney were an Hoſpital.
In Winter time, the Hearth ſtands Altar-wiſe,
And Men with hands erected Sacrifiſe.
Whilſt, in a round the Prieſts of *Bacchus* ſing
Ingenious Anthems to their Grape-Crown'd King.
The nimble Bowls about the Table run:
We are no *Perſians* to adore the Sun.

In Winter, men at cold meat make a piſh,
In Summer they are glad of ſuch a diſh.
Winter has boyl'd, and bak'd, and roaſt, alas!
Summer turns men, as Men do Beaſts, to Graſſe.
Winter makes wars oft ceaſe; who would not that?
If Peace and plenty have no praiſe, then what?
I might enlarge my ſelf, but thus far, may
Suffice to travel, on a Winters day.
Who likes not this, a Gods name let him run
Out of Gods bleſſings, into the warm Sun.

In Commendation of York-ſhire *Ale.*

WOman be nimble, and let's ſee thy craft,
My early ſtomack craves a Mornings draft.
Bring me that Indian pot, whence I may ſip
Nectar, and balm from *Cleopatra*'s lip.
That Marrow of Malt, where the Nut brown Toaſt
Smiles in the Flowery Ale, whoſe mirthful coaſt
Makes me turn Marriner, and hither ſail,
To Court the confines of this famous Ale,
This noble Ale, this moſt ſubſtantial liquor,
That chears the Blade, & makes the *Genius* quicker.
Ideots a ſhip-board ſick accuſe the Seas,
When their own foul ſtomacks are the Diſeaſe.
So fools pick quarrel with pure cleanſing Ale,
Becauſe it doth Sir reverence wring their tale.
But theſe are ſuch as never underſtood
The Aliment of Ale, or their own good.
Would but good Fellows meet, wee'd daily clnb,
And act the Siſters at the *Danaan* tub?

But

But I have done, leſt while I Idolize
The ſhrine of Ale, I but enhaunce the price;
Be therefore this ſufficient to be ſaid
Alive 'tis Ale, and *Aqua vitæ*, dead.

To his ſawcy Shooe-maker.

SIrrah, look to it; Ile reduce your Pride,
Rip up your Roguery, and tew your hide.
My wrath, e're long, ſhall apt a time for th' nonce,
To ſtretch the latchets of your Logger ſconce.
You wax too high in th' in-ſtep, I'm afraid,
Your loftineſſe will ſoon be under-laid.
Criſpin coucht in a Shooe-makers diſguiſe,
'Cauſe none ſo baſe to cheat inquiring eyes.
Yet, to fit me, ſhould *Criſpin* come to do't,
Criſpin, by *Jove* he comes but to my foot,
And doſt thou (wretch) to reach this head of mine,
Muſter thy bruſſles, as the Porcupine
Her quills? Preſumptious traſh, I could afford,
Forthwith to meet thee at the cutting-board.
New vamp your manners, and more modiſh be,
Leſt *Peter* ſtreach you on a croſs grain'd tree;
Where being once ſet up, 'tis ten to one,
You'l find it harder to come off than on.
Villain a vant, henceforth ne're look to have
The length of my foot, ſince y' have plaid the knave;
No, no, I view your bill, and there I ſee
The very place, where my Shooe pinches me.
But make your market, pray of what is paſt:
Fellow believ't, of me y' have had your laſt.

And

And, that the World may ſee in every line,
I fit thy foot, as thou haſt fitted mine.
Thus I in fine tranſlate thee; Go extend
Thy baſe ſpun thread to make a Coblers end.

Upon the Shooemakers offering a Pair of Shooes for an Anſwer.

FOol! didſt thou think up to revenge to climb,
By a poor mercenary, Hackney ryme?
Or that thou couldſt by leather purſe-ſtring ſtretch
Unto the Latitude my Brains would reach?
Away (Poor Pilch) when my keen Satyrs come
Off with your Hat, and ſcrape your anſwer *Mum*.--
Shouldſt thou buy lines to anſwer me, thou ſop,
I'de write, till 't coſt thee all the Shooes ith' Shop.

Upon Alice Goſſe *taken ſtealing of Soap.*

WHy, how now Woman? what's the News? be-(like
You ſerv'd the Grocer but a ſlippery trick.
'Twas very cheap; you were ith' way to thrive,
If we pay ſix, and you have't under five.
But hold, they ſay the Grocer turn'd his eyes,
And You ſtole both the Cuſtom and Excize:
And well enough you did, but here a Rope,
The miſchiefeyes, You ſhould have left the ſope.

You

You made wash way with't being but a reach,
But have a care, ith' end 't may coſt a ſtretch.
You know the Proverb, 'tis as true, as old:
If the one chance to ſlip 'tother will hold.
Alas you never could have ſtoln a badder
Commodity, ſoap brings you to the ladder.
You think to have't with a wet finger, but
A cleanly Thief might ſafer be a ſlut.
Come, come, ſtay the hogs leiſure, pray, I hope
As good as you, do waſh with *Lincoln-ſhire* ſoap.
If You ſteal ſoap to make Your Cloaths ſo fine,
You'l bring Your ſelf as well as them to th' Line.
Yet I confeſs, 't was pitty goody *Goſſe*
Stealing good ſoap, You came no cleanlier off.

A New Years Gift.

HAd I but *Myda's* Chymich tuch,
I would not here a Kingdom grutch.
I would, what would I not? but I
Talk of Larks in a falling Sky.
Inſtead therefore of hopeleſs pelf,
Accept but, and I give my ſelf.
But then, alas, I give no more
But that, which was Your own before.
Well, ſince our Gifts prove empty Diſhes,
Let's furniſh them with wholſom wiſhes.
Our firſt is, Friends, we wiſh you many,
But never to have need of any.
Wee'd wiſh you Younger Brothers wit,
But that we know y' abound with it.

May

May ſhe that moves your Amorous thirſt,
Be wounded and your Priſ'ner firſt.
And let her unconcealed fires,
Torment your temperate deſires.
May favouring Heaven lend her no reſt
On any Pillow, but your breaſt.
And when glad *Hymens* holy twine
Has clapt her Lilly hand in thine,
May thy bleſt arms at once enfold
Fair *Hellens* face, and *Danae's* Gold.
May all Her care, and ſtudy be
To love, and be belov'd of thee.
And to eternize mutual favour,
Heaven make her ſuch, as thou wouldſt have her.
If envy any Foes ſhall make ye
Be this their curſe, A good Year take ye.

A L E.

IS this that Ale to which the Dyers flew
So faſt, to wad their Copper Noſes blew,
Bidding Old Stingo, cut throat Beer adieu?
Then give us Ale.

Is this that jolly juyce thoſe bowſing brats
Soak'd in, and on their Shoulders ſet their Fats,
With Rams-heads in, and Rain-bows on their hats?
Then give us Ale.

Is this that Ale that makes your Dyers be
So oft from home, pray tell me where were ye?
Should all be hang'd that from their colours flee?
Then give us Ale.

Is this that *York-shire* stuffe, does so confound,
And send away the Weavers shuttle-crown'd,
That they can neither find, nor feel the ground?
Then give us Ale.

Is this the Temple where the Weavers lay,
To meet the merry Merchants day by day,
And double Ale their single stuffs away?
Then give us Ale.

Is this that so much talkt of Northern hum,
For which both simpletons and Sages come?
Is this that *Lanta ta tanta* so? but mum.----
Then give us Ale.

Is this that same that did so much besot
The toasted Comber, as he quite forgot
His own, and then call'd for the other pot?
Then give us Ale.

Yea, give us Ale, for now I find it true,
That Merchants, Weavers, Combers, Dyers too,
And all the World this Liquor turns true blew.
Then give us Ale.

As for the Poet his unfeigned wishes
Are, that the Ocean were such Ale as this is,
That ye, and all true Trouts might drink like *fishes.*
Then give us Ale.

As

As for Old *Merjory*, that Northern Minks,
For my part ſuch Ale as ſhe brews ſhe drinks.

A Viſit.

LAſt *Friday* to my Neighbours houſe I ſtept,
To ſee what Hoſpitality he kept.
Soon I eſpy'd his Chimney, like a Maiden,
In the Green ſickneſs with her colour fading.
Bluſhleſs, and bleath, only herein they ſever,
This a num-palſey hath, and that a fever,
Neighbour, ſaid I, Your Chymney's to be let,
Why, Sir, quoth he, You ſee no bill on't yet.
That's right, but, Sir, to put you out of Doubt,
I gueſs ſo, 'cauſe your fire is going out.

O. P. *To* A. C. *that over-ſold him a Horſe, to pay at the day of his Marriage, he being, unknown to* O. P. *to marry within ten dayes.*

WHy, how now, *Jocky*? what, upon the catch?
Had I ſuſpected Yours, 't had been no match:
See, how the Proverb's croſt; You'r haſtily bent
To marry, yet not You, but I repent.
Hence I the Cream of the conceit eſpie,
You were, though cloſe, as hot upon't as I.

But I had ſmelt You out, and ſtopt Your courſe,
Had I had as much forecaſt as my Horſe?
What will Men ſay to whom this ſtory's told?
But I too, with my Horſe was bought and ſold.
You have my mony, and I hope with it,
That I have purchas'd both a Horſe and Wit.
Whilſt it muſt be of all the World confeſt
On Your ſide a good Bargain, mine, good jeſt.
But done and paſt, I ſhall revive no ſtrife,
But take my Beaſt, Sir, as You took Your Wife.
Whom herein I preſume, I make my Debter,
You double paid, muſt do Your work the better.
In brief 'tis thus, neither better nor worſe,
You are reſolv'd that I muſt hold your Horſe.
Whilſt I conclude, as ſad experience teaches,
Not only You, but Your Horſe over-reaches.
But 'twas ſo cloſe, ſo ſlightly brought about,
Neither my Horſe, nor I could ſtumble 't out.
My Bargain (Sir) was bad, and You have done me
Some injury with mine own Horſe t'ore run me.
But yet, if Your civility extends
To this requital, we are abſolute Friends?
Since You are he that I did ſo confide in,
You'l only lend me Your Old boots to ride in.

Upon

Upon the name of the ſame Horſe call'd Butler.

Butler? why that ſounds draught horſe; but I ſee
That thou canſt ſcarce draw thy legs after thee:
But yet thy crafty maſter laid again,
And thou, and he made ſhift to draw me in.
But Troy will tell thee theſe are things of courſe,
Synon could do it with a wooden horſe.

To G.R. *in a Paper of falſe Verſes, inveying againſt* D. B. *for telling lyes.*

SHall I condemn *Tantalia*, and not you?
Her *words* were falſe, your *Verſes* were not true:
Be gentle pray, you ſeem to have forgot
The Proverb, whilſt the kill *upbraids* the pot.
Come, ye are guilty both, of over ſight,
Neither your Verſes, nor her words are right.
Yea, I could ſhow you ſoon, as many ſlips
In your falſe feet, as in her faultering *Lips*.
But I excuſe ye both, for you perchance,
As well as ſhe did it of ignorance.

A Stripling to his Lady who lookt upon him as too young.

MAdam, I love You, ſhould I not do ſo,
I were an *Anch'ret*, and my breaſt were Snow;
Were marble, I ſhould ſay, for if it ſhould
Be Snow, or Ice, my flames would melt the mould.
Be't what it will? I love, and here commence
Affection, uſher'd in with Reverence.
Deign, but Your Lilly-hand, no bold deſire
Shall wing up my Ambition any higher:
Nay, if that be too much? let me deſcry
My rudeneſſe chaſtiz'd in Your ſcornful eye.
But You alleage theſe early Years of mine
May look on, but not love Women, nor Wine.
Not love? Away, who can but love a Face
So lovely, unleſſe of *Deucalions* Race?
Yet, while I love, and in my breaſt enſhrine her,
I don't to pitty, but contempt encline her.
True, I am Young, but faſt as Nature can,
Though, now a Boy, I ſhall e're long write Man.
Small as I am, the winged God has found me,
And thought me old enough (at leaſt) to wound me.
Yet let me love thus young, I can produce
Some preſidents to warrant my excuſe.
And Yours too, *Sapho* ſumm'd up all her Joy,
In the embrace of a *Sicilian* Boy;
The Queen of *Greece* lov'd *Theſeus*, but a Lad,
And *Cytherea* her *Adonis* had.
Nay, love himſelf that God, is but a Child,
Shall I then be for want of Years exil'd?

Yea, I have heard Fair Damſels ſay, in truth,
Of all that love, give me the ſmooth chin'd Youth.
My tender Years, my innocence may prove,
And non-acquaintance with the wyles of Love.
You are, that wounded me, the firſt, and all:
Blame me not then to come at the firſt call.

A Slight.

BUt, doſt believe indeed that I
Love thee? faith thou believ'ſt a lye.
Extinguiſh therefore thy deſire
E're it become unruly fire.
For thy flames work but the ſame way
With me, as the hot Sun on clay;
No, thou muſt take thy heels and flee,
If thou wouldſt have me follow thee.

Fugâ in ſequor.

To Celia.

NOt love you! whom the world confeſs
The miracle of prettineſs.
That were an humour to diſguiſe
My reaſon, and betray my eyes.
No, no, without diſſimulation,
Your Beauty is too ſtrong temptation.
Had I not found you the rare ſhe,
Y' had liv'd, unlov'd, unmov'd by me?

cannot court a common face,
nriched with one ſingle grace.
forehead handſom, ſmooth, and high;
lovely Lip, or Chin, or eye.
ut pardon (*Celia*) if I love
ou in whom more than all theſe mov'
eign then one gentle ſmile on me,
ho will Your conſtant *Umbra* be.
o long as either I have eyes,
r You have wherewith to ſurprize.
hooſe (Madam) of the two, which You think beſt,
harder favour, or a ſofter breaſt.
Aut faciem mutes, aut nè ſis dura, neceſſe eſt.

The Revenge.

AVaunt
Ye falſe intruders that my Chamber haunt,
ood faith I can't;
o, nor I will not liſten to Your Love:
o more,
ill I, though you ſhould ev'n till death implore,
nbolt my door,
ou do but rocks, and ſenceleſs marble move,
or well,
ea too too well, I can Your perjur'd ſtory tell.
heir's no faith reſts
mens falſe breaſts.
Therefore farewell, farewell.

2.

'Tis true,
I was so fooliſh once as to love You,
But now I rue
I ever yielded unto ſuch an Ague.
But yet,
I'de have You know (my Friend) though I did get
One burning fit,
I have another cold enough to plague You:
For I,
Who was all fire, am now congeal'd into all Ice,
Whence You may find
Though I was kind,
I can be merry and wiſe.

3.

The Willow,
Thou think'ſt torments me, but alas poor Fellow
Ask but my Pillow,
If it can witneſſe e're a ſigh I fetcht,
Or that,
On my Bed-ſide as in a Dream I ſate
Moaning my fate,
Or out of Melancholly my ſelf ſtreacht.
Ile warrant thee my Boy, thou'lt find all circumſtan
That Maidens too (ces prov
As well as You,
Can with diſcretion Love.

4.

And now
I do intend to run through Lovers row
As well as You,
And taſte the ſweetneſſe of Variety,
For we
Suppoſe there's ſome ſweet, ſweet in it or ye
Would never be
So much addicted to inconſtancy,
Ile therefore ſet and ſee the meſſes uſher'd in by
And taſte of this, (ſcores,
And that fine diſh,
To the hunder'd and fiftieth courſe.

5.

In vain
Thou temp'ſt me *Paris*, what would thou be fain
Forſworn again?
Alas I value not thy thread-bare oaths.
Go find
Some other tame fool, for I have no mind
T' embrace the Wind.
No, nor thoſe vows thou put'ſt off with thy cloaths,
If yet thoud'ſt have me love thee? then I prethee
For I proteſt (ne're come to me.
I love thee beſt,
When thou art furtheſt from me.

The Choice.

'Tis not thy Ruby Lip, nor Roſie Cheeks,
In which my heart a full contentment ſeeks;
Nor does the Treaſure of thy Golden Treſſes,
Or make me Rich, or challenge my Careſſes.
No, nor thy Light diſperſing eyes, though they
Be the true *Phoſphors* of the breaking day;
Should I ſerve Beauty obvious to the eye,
Then might *Pigmalions* ſtatue ſee the vye;
And I might well, if I no further range,
Advantage my Affection at the change.
But I have ſuited at a Nobler rate,
Than to Court Paint, Beauty inanimate:
In ſum, there's nothing out-ſides can impart,
Hath power to make a conqueſt of my heart.
But, You, I love, whoſe Beauty ſtill I find
But *Index* to the Beauty of Your mind:
You are the Pearl that higheſt value win,
Being Fair without and Cordial within.

To a Gentlewoman that refus'd a very Rich Suitor becauſe he was not very handſom.

FAir Couſin, let me in this caſe adviſe,
To quit your Fancy, and give reaſon eyes.

They

They that chooſe Apples by their looks, are oft
Foild in their hopes, and for their folly ſcoft.
Your Lapidaries not unoften note
The rareſt Jewel in a rugged coat.
This Gentleman whoſe double duty ſerves you
For ought I know, is one that well deſerves you.
Shut but your eyes a while, and truſt Your ear,
He's ſober, ſteady, ſtaid, and fit to ſtear
In this tempeſtuous Age; hard hap betides
Such Veſſels as have green heads for their Guides.
But You ſhall ride amid'ſt proud waves ſecure,
He being Pilot, and You *Cynoſure*.
I could both name the parties and the places,
Had bargains foul enough of their fair Faces.
Nor yet is liking always Beauties child,
Some have more wit, than ſo to be beguil'd.
Beauty's a Bloſſom and ſo quickly fled,
'Tis ſcarce poſſeſt e're it be vaniſhed.
'Tis but, even in the Zenith of its prime,
The ſpoil of Sickneſſe, and the flame of Time.
The Iron's hot yet, ſtrike then, leſt You find
The Proverb true, Occaſion's bald behind.
'Tis not the outſide makes the man, Alas,
A Man's a man had he no Noſe on's Face.
But yet to me he's paſſing lovely, tuſh,
His Beauty's inward, Good Wine needs no Buſh.
He's Rich enough to make the World his Debter,
Love and lay hold then, ſeldom comes a better.
I had not writ thus much, but that I know
Your Parents own it, and adviſe You ſo.
Whoſe Directory Pleaſure but fulfill,
And You do well, though You do ne're ſo ill.
Read, and reviſe theſe Lines (ſweet Coſ.) leſt You
Whilſt You your ſelf make faſt, Your ſelf undo.

To my Coy and Captious Miſtris.

I'le Court my ſhade no more, but flee
From it, and make it follow me.
The lofty Cedar ſhall not bow
To the baſe Bramble, 'tis too low.
Ile kneel no more t' ungrateful Thiſtles,
Nor liſten to each Bird that whiſtles;
I have forgot thee, and to day
I did make orts of better Hay.
I lov'd thee once, but now, my ſcorn
Shall overlook thee, as forlorn.
Ile wrap my front up in diſdain,
Nor ſhalt thou it uncloud again.
No, though one careleſſe ſmile would ſave
Thy caſt off Carkaſs from thy Grave.
Thy Tears and Prayers, and looking wan
Were but to waſh an Indian;
Nay, wert thou Fair, as thou art not,
Thou ſhould'ſt not move my breaſt one jot.
Nor would I love thee one half hour,
Though both the *Indies* were thy Dower.
Though all the Saints ſhould bleſs thy Face,
Thou get'ſt not henceforth one embrace.
And e're I court, whom I have curs'd,
A *Baſilisk* ſhall ſee me firſt.

To Pulcheria.

BUt tell me, will not Gold move thee,
Art thou more hard than *Danae*?
What? will theſe Pearls, theſe Orient gemms,
Theſe Rubies reacht from Diadems
Advance me no ſtep to thy Love?
Ile try if trivial toyes may move.
May be this Lilly, or that Roſe
Win her acceptance more than thoſe?
Yes, much at one, alas, I ſhould
But tempt an Indian with my Gold.
Her locks are the true Golden Fleece,
Medea ſhew her love in *Greece*.
And what from Rubies hope I? tuſh,
Her Lips will make the Ruby bluſh.
Which, if a ſmile ſhall chance to ſever,
You there ſhall ſee ſuch Pearls as never
Nature yet boaſted, as if ſhe
Had only this one Treaſury.
And, as for Gems, what ſparks can fly
So bright, as thoſe ſhot from her eye?
Lillies, alas, avail not much,
Her body is all over ſuch.
And what's a Roſe, ſince her Cheeks bear
A *June* of Roſes all the year.

Love,

Love, blind, or not Blind?

1.

WHat makes You think that Love is blind,
Since he dwells in the eye?
I rather the contrary find
In all my ſcrutiny.
For I, in Love had never been,
Had not mine eyes the Object ſeen.

2.

And all the World in this agree
Love is a flaming fire:
If then a fire, nay flame it be?
What need we more deſire
To prove that Love may have his ſight,
From that which renders all things light.

3.

Tell me not that *Obfuſca* was
Born blind, and Lov'd on truſt.
Admit the fable, yet, alas,
It was not Love, but Luſt.
For ſhe muſt have it underſtood,
Though nothing elſe, her feeling's good.

4. But

4.

But You will ſay where ſtood his eyes
That choſe ſo courſe a Wench
As *Bab*, ſince Men meet ſuch a prize
On every common Bench ?
This will be his retort again,
What's one Man's meat's anothers bane.

5.

Here's one a Horſe Face courts, whoſe weight
He knows will come in Gold,
And, ſo he have the mony ſtrait,
Let her be crooked, old,
Splay-foot, blind, beetle-brow'd, and lame,
For he has that, for which he came.

6.

Turn but Your eye, and You ſhall ſee
Anothers Fingers itch
To be embracing ſuch a ſhe
Is neither Fair, nor Rich :
Ask but his reaſon, and 'tis this
My mind to me a Kingdom is.

7.

Thus one loves Fat, another lean,
This his Meat ſalt, that freſh,
This a fat Capon, that a Hen,
This Man loves Fiſh, that Fleſh,

Thus

Thus all, their humours have, and now,
Here's the good man that kiss'd his Cow.

8.

Who bears the fault, now, but the Boy,
The wanton Boy forsooth?
He with Old Women use to toy,
And teach them tricks of Youth.
Thus from our selves we still remove
Our dotage to the God of Love.

9.

Whom falsely fools call Progeny
Of *Vulcan* God of fire,
If it were so? then he must be
Prodromus to his Sire.
For out of doubt he Love did know,
E're he came into Cuckolds row.

10.

Then, let not hallow'd *Love* bear blame,
For humane fantasie,
Love is a pure Celestial flame,
Heaven and Earth's *Mercury*
Diffus'd on Mortals; let us hence
Accuse the Organ, not the influence;

11.

Can any yet be ſo unwiſe
To think Love-blind, that can
Create an *Argus* hundred eyes,
To guard a *Curteſan*?
Whom, if You pleaſe, you may eſpy
Enthron'd in every ſparkling eye.

12.

Pray, which of You can ſhoot ſo right
As he, whom You call Blind?
He ſticks his Arrows in the white,
Sure then he eyes muſt find.
Should You a Dart at any throw,
'Twere like the blind man at the Crow.

13.

Ye are ſurpriz'd with each fair Face,
With every dimpled chin,
This comely feature, that ſweet Grace
Are Snares to trap ye in.
What think ye then? not Love I wiſs,
But ye are *Capti oculis*.

A longing Lady to Her long ſtaying Lover.

TWice twenty times hath *Titan* run his courſe
From the *Orient*, unto his ſetting ſourſe,
Since laſt I ſaw You; could one parting kiſs
Suſtain me ſuch an Age of night as this?
How am I rackt in thy unkind delay?
Come (my ſweet *Phoſphor*) come and bring the day.
Sorrow, and ſolitude in this ſmall ſpace,
Have figur'd Age on my Hermetick Face.
Go happy paper, be my *Mercury*,
And having kiſs'd his hand, bring it to me.
That I may be thy Rival, tell him I
Muſt ſee him ſoon, or, in deſpair I dye.
And, if he come not? I ſhall plainly ſee
He's out of Town, or, out of love with me.

To Frank.

WHat all at once, how u'own ſelf (*Frank*)
Thy Bounty over-bears its bank?
'T had been a favour, yet, beyond
My wiſhes hadſt thou given thy bond.
And ſeal'd it with a faithful kiſs,
O here had been enough of bliſſe:
Or hadſt thou given thy hand in part,
As pledge of thy engaged heart.

I had been more than well content
T' have fed my hopes on the event.
But I am now as others are
Suſpicious of thy proffer'd ware.
Thou art too ſweet, to tell thee right,
Thou overcom'ſt my appetite.
Truſt me (fond *Frank*) thou art too free,
Free of thy Fleſh, I mean, for me.
Thou com'ſt too faſt, I muſt ſtep back,
Thy over-haſte makes me too ſlack.
I know not what to think, thy face
Has ſuch an *Oleo* of braſs.
And yet thou ſhouldſt be right, for none
That I e're knew leſſe fear'd the ſtone.
On whom be this inſcription ſet,
Here is both right and counterfeit.
But thou ſay'ſt 'tis no uſual courſe
To look ith' mouth of a gift-Horſe.
Yet no Mans bounty ſhall perſwade
Me to accept, or keep a Jade.
Thou'ſt given thy ſelf to me, doſt hear,
Thou'ſt given me a ſhrew'd box o'th' ear.
Would thou hadſt rather given me that
Was left in th' Mault-heap by the Cat.
Thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, will You accept,
Or elſe thy ſelf to thy ſelf kept.
There's ſomewhat more than up and ride,
The Banes muſt go before the Bride.
And after too, unleſs ſhe be
Better than I can hope of thee.
But now, or never verifie
Old Mother Shipton's propheſie.
Yet thou mayſt get a Husband ſtill
Provided thou doſt but fulfil.

The laſt Will of thy Grandmother,
No more but ſo, remember her.
And yet I may chance loath my Life,
Come then, and thou ſhalt be my Wife.
However, for your offers *Frankey*,
I were too blame, ſhould I not thank ye.
Yet let me periſh in thy curſe,
If ever offer lik'd me worſe?
Thou gav'ſt thy ſelf to me, and I
Give thee back to thy ſelf. God b'y.

Owen. Ep. Te mihi donaſti, te tibi reddo, vale.

A Gentleman to a Lady that told him he lookt aſquint upon her.

ASquint? why not, am I of Eagles race,
To try mine eyes upon *Apollo*'s Face?
Admit I were? yet, when I look on thee,
Thy brighter beams force this obliquity.
Eagles ſhould do the ſame, durſt they but try
Their radiance at the birth-right of their eye.
What is this ſquinting, but, my feeble ſight
Turn'd out of th' way by thy too powerful light?
Nay, could mine eye right on to thine aſpire?
'Twould, burning glaſs-like ſet my heart on fire.
But, ſay I could? ſince thou thus ſlighteſt me,
What reaſon have I to look right on thee.
Come, be not you ſo croſs-grain'd, to deſpiſe
A Breaſt that ſhowes Her croſſes in Her eyes.
Who ſilently each other thus reprove,
T' have let in cruel and ingrateful love.

Or

Or elſe that eye is looking ſtill at this,
Like Rivals jealous of each others bliſs.
Clouds the Sun's Creatures are, and what am I,
But the meer Exhalation of Your eye.
The flies are buzzing where light Candles are,
And ſmoak You know ever purſues the Fair:
Dayes interchange embraces with the night,
And ſhadows kiſs the lovely Lips of light,
Why then (*Florinda*) art thou ſo unkind,
To ſcoffe the Mole, thy Beauty made thus blind?
But, am I blind, doſt ſay? even thence does flow
This ſolace, that the God of Love is ſo:
Am I ſquint-ey'd, then I may glory in't,
The Sun it ſelf, lights centre, looks aſquint.

A mock Song, to O ſtay by me Sir.

I.

STay not by me Feinds! but fly me,
For behold I come
All in fury, to conjure ye
To avoid the room.
O come not then near me, Your haggy looks skare me,
But down to your curſed Cell,
For in Hell
All ſuch ſooty ſluts dwell.

2.

Out ye Devils, worſt of evils,
What do you make here?
Such baſe Bitches, and damn'd Witches
I ne're ſaw, as ye are.
O come not then near me, your haggy looks skare me,
But down to your curſed Cell,
For in Hell
All ſuch ſooty ſluts dwell.

3.

Pluto's Puſſes, are the *Suſſes*,
That I here behold,
Dreſt in Tiffany, like *Tyſiphone*,
Snaky lockt and Old.
O come not then near me, your haggy looks skare me,
But down to your curſed Cell,
For in Hell
All ſuch ſooty ſluts dwell.

4.

Furies Fellows, what? is Hell looſe,
And ye broke out thus
In your Night gears, like the Night-mares
To meet *Incubus*?
O come not then near me, your haggy looks skare me,
But down to your curſed Cell,
For in Hell
All ſuch ſooty ſluts dwell.

Out

5.

Out upon ye, I'le none on ye,
Down ye damn'd beneath,
Your ill favours, and worſe favours
Do infect my breath.
O come not then near me, your haggy looks skare me,
But down to your curſed Cell,
For in Hell
All ſuch ſooty ſluts dwell.

A forſaken Lady to Her perjur'd Apoſtate.

BUt, are thoſe flaſhes fled? thoſe flames quite gone
Into the aſhes of Oblivion?
Where are thoſe vows? thoſe Heaven atteſted Oaths
Seal'd on my Lips, the pledges of our trothes?
What all amort? all baniſht in a trice,
All our embraces a Fools Paradice?
Then, Farewel faith, and Friend, next time I find
My ſelf affective, Ile embrace the Wind.

To my Lilly-white Leda, *in Commendation of a Pale face.*

WHen Red enchaced in the Skies we find,
We ſtrait conclude it, either Rain, or Wind.

Such Rubricks on thy face, if I eſpy,
I do expect to ſee the ſtorm or cry.
Ask them that dare condemn thy Ivory hue,
If bloody Snow were not monſtrous, to view.
Pray tell me where the ſo admired Roſe,
From the ſame ſtalk both White, and Red diſcloſe?
Spaniels and Calves are Red, and White, 'tis true,
If You be Red, and White, pray, which are You.
You'd think I mock You, ſhould I ſay You are
Pure Red, and White, as Babies in the Fair?
If Red be ſuch a grace? if Red ſo pleaſe?
Have me commended to Red Latices.
Yet, the Red Roſe is Cordial; but the White
Is evermore commended for the ſight.
From Coſtor'd-mongers I have underſtood
Thus much, the Red cheek Apple's ſeldom good.
Red Wax (You know) is common, but the White
Is Virgins Wax, and a good price muſt buy 't.
Pray, tell me now, would You be woo'd, and pray'd.
To limb Your ſelf out, on a Milk white Maid?
Marry come up; ſo, when You are to write,
You may condemn Your paper 'cauſe 'tis White.
Here, here's an *El'zabeth*, will You ſay what ail
The ſhilling, 'cauſe You ſee the face is pale?
That were a pretty jeaſt, Alas, alas,
If it were cherry-checkt, it would not paſſe?
White Robes at Nuptials ſhew a Virgin ſtate:
And, why not white Cheeks Beauties Candidate?
What wouldſt thou think if thou ſhould'ſt Red eſpy,
Exchequor'd with the White that's in thine eye?
Thoud'ſt ſay 'tis blood-ſhot: how then is't a grace,
That blemiſhes the beſt part of thy Face.
But, why do I thus eagerly allude
To that which all, but blind men will conclude:

The

The Silver Moon, the glittering trine of night,
The Lilly, Swan, and *Venus* Doves are white.
But You ſay Red's a modeſt tincture, tuſh,
Her Conſcience cannot bid her count'nance bluſh:
When ſhe has done the thing ſhe ought not do,
Come to her then, ſhe'l bluſh, as red, as You.

----*Rubicunda flat, alba ſerenat.*

POSTSCRIPT
To the precedent Paper.

BUt, ſtay (my Whiting) though I took thy part:
'Twas not to ſhew thy Beauty, but my Art.
My conſcience tells me, Red and White beſt pleaſes,
White, not ſet off with Red, portends Diſeaſes:
But Poets *pro*, and *con*, ſalute, and ſlight,
Tell You the Dove is Black, and the Crow White.
I could have writ as much, and given a grace
As ample, to the Calfe with the white face.
Thus have I made thee Fair, and foul, ſo truly,
Starch be it ne're ſo white, comes off but blewly.

To Will *the Drawer.*

Saturday laſt, faith, *Will*, You ſent me Sack
By *Bacchus*, ſcarce was worth the ſending back.
Be now a truſty ſoul, and ſend me White,
Or Rheniſh, which you will? but [illegible] right.

Feel out ſome Cell where *Phœbus* cannot come,
I know *Will* will ſend good, if *Will* b' at home.

Upon a Gentleman ſurpriz'd with the ſight of a Lady unknown to him, betroth'd to another.

Miſerum me fuiſſe fælicem.

UNhappy happineſs, pleaſing piercing fate!
By too good Fortune, made unfortunate.
My bleſt, and blaſted eyes make me at once
My ſelf an Emperour, and a Slave pronounce.
What ſtrange affections on my ſpirits ſeize,
Whereof the Cure is worſe than the Diſeaſe?
What Heavenly Fire is this, torments, and joys me?
Which, if I blow, conſumes, if quench, deſtroys me?
Had *Palinurus* never ſteer'd ſo far
As *India*, where the Earth's choice Treaſures are.
His Wooden Caſtle might have ſplit aſunder,
And ne're arrived at a nine days wonder.
Had I ne're ſeen this face, ah! then my breaſt
Had ſtill been calm in her firſt Haven of reſt.
I ſaw it, but, and the wing'd Archers Bow,
Drawn by thoſe Load-ſtones of your eyes pierc'd (through.
My heart; ſo did he from Your eyes procure
His Bolt, his Bow-ſtring, and his *Cynoſure*.
Then take, O take this Love ſlain Heart of mine,
This *Victim* fall'n on Your Victorious ſhrine:
Only let Love, ſince to Your pile I come,
Deign me the honour of a Martyrdom.

And

And 'tis enough; ſince I can't overcome ye,
Ile kiſs the ſtroaks my fates allot me from ye.
Yet on my Urn, ſhould You one glance contrive,
My aſhes with the *Phœnix* might revive?
If not a ſmile? O yet let pitty lend me
A ſigh, that may to the next World commend me:
Where my, then happier eyes may have the grace
Freely to feaſt on Your *Seraphick* Face.
Unlucky luck, with joy, and woe it fills me,
Tarantula like, it makes me laugh, and kills me.
'Tis thou haſt wounded me, and I muſt meet
My Cure in thee, O my ſweet bitter-ſweet.

---Mihi res eadem vulnus opemque tulit.

To my Pale Pippin.

Pallor in ore ſedet.

HEr piteous looks may happily move
Compaſſion in me, never love.
Shall I bow down, or kneel to that
Which ſeems to me inanimate?
So while I to my ſute addict her,
I pray with Papiſts to a Picture.
Do ye not ſee how meager death
Seems through her Organs to ſteal breath?
As *Succubus* had from the duſt,
Rear'd her to gratifie his luſt:
Tell me Pale *Phebe*, don't You climb
Old Walls, to banquet on the line?

I know You love ſuch Feſtivals,
Your white waſht cheeks reſemble Walls.
Say, mother piteous, do You not
For Oatmeal, rob the Porridge pot?
Run you not into private holes
To break Your faſt with ſalt and coals?
I might a thouſand knacks repeat,
What could I name, but You would eat?
In ſhame whereof Your blood refrains
Your Cheeks, and lurks within Your veins.
Untill it be ſuppena'd thence,
By Your flajitious conſcience.
Nor, are You Lilly-like, but ſallow,
And ſapy countenanc'd like tallow.
For when Your dropping Noſe you handle,
You ſeem to me to ſnuffe a candle.
And they, that keep You, reap diſgrace,
While Men read Famine on Your face.
Nature's beſieg'd, and all the your pores
Obſtructed, block up her recourſe.
You can no ſuch improvement feel
In Allum poſſet, or crude ſteel.
To whom (alas) there's nothing can
Be ſo effectual, as Man.
What need men care then for ſuch Wives,
As marry but to ſave their Lives.
He muſt as much (that Weddeth thee)
Thy Doctor, as thy Husband be.
No, Ile to Tavern, where being come,
The firſt Attendant ſhews a room.
The next preſents a glancing Laſs,
Like *Venus* in a *Venice* glaſs.
With that I knock, and as ſome ſprite,
I conjure up pure Red, and White.

My

My circles a Round Table, and
In midſt thereof does *Hymen* ſtand.
With a light Tapour, when I call
To celebrate my Nuptial.
Here do I a French Madam place,
And there a ſweet lip'd Spaniſh Laſſe.
Here all in white a Lady dances,
And there in Red another glances.
And leaſt mine eyes want freſh delight,
Here ſets Claretta Red and White.
Nor do I complement, I tro,
But tell 'em plain, 'tis ſo and ſo.
They ſtruggle not, nor are they Coy,
But I may what I will enjoy.
No, there's no coile made for a kiſs,
Though melting, melting, melting bliſſe.
No ſhifting from the friendly Cup,
But I may freely all take up.
And in each face, if I ſo pleaſe?
Ile Court my own Effigies.
Who would not then on this ſtage act *Narciſſus*,
Where lively Lips ſo ſweetly ſay, come kiſs us.

Phyllis, Charon.

Da dextram miſeræ, & tecum me tolle per undas.

Ph. A Boat, a boat, *Charon*, come ſet me over.
Ch. Who calls Hells fatal Ferry man? *Ph.* a lover.
Ch. And thou ſhalt ſtay the louger for't, I vow.
Ph. You'l not be ſo unmerciful I tro?

Ch. Left

Ch. Left handed luck light on ye, every hour
I'm troubled to transport such brands as you are.
Ph. Nay, good sweet *Charon* come; *Ch.* yes, sweet on
When I have nothing else to do, I will. (still,
(ter'd sails,
Ph. What? *Ch.* grease my boat, and patch my shat-
And set me down, and rest me; *Ph. Jove*? what ails
This froward patch? come prethee to the stathe,
I am a Stranger, come, put off thy wrath.
(nigher.
Ch. Hence *Cupids* brands; *Ph.* Not so, *Ch.* I'le come no
Ph. Why? *Ch.* for you'l set my pitchy boat on fire.
I fry already with transporting flames,
Such as have almost drunk up all our streams.
Ph. Can'st thou fear that, and see these fresh supplies
So streaming from the Conduits of mine eyes?
Ch. Well, well, *Ph.* Nay more, if *Ch.* shall think good,
These Arms as Oars shall wave the *Stigian* flood.
This wast my mast, and this dishevel'd hair,
Ile into Cables twist; *Ch.* Well, you speak fair.
Ph. Come then, *Ch.* I am at hand, but e're thy foot
Boar'd me, how cam'st thou here? timely or not?
(over,
Ph. What makes that to my speed? come wait me
And talk of that anon; *Ch.* Nay, soft, discover,
Or thou art at thy furthest, trust no tricks
Nor falsities, but swear by sacred styx.
Which even the Gods themselves, call not to lyes
Without the forfeit of their Deities.
And loss of *Nectar* for a hundred Years,
Speak, *Ph.* what if *Phillis* faulty here appears?
(smother
Ch. Thou can'st not pass; *Ph.* The Gods forbid, O
That dismal breath, this death is worse than th'
(other.

Is

Is it decreed? *Ch.* It is, and sign'd by fate.
Ph. Ile supplicate the Gods then: *Ch.* 'tis too late:
Ph. Hard hap; but saw'st thou not my *Demophon*?
Ch. I did, *Ph.* Where? *Ch.* He is to *Elysium* gone.
Ph. And I left here? O *Charon*, prethee either
Transport me to him, or him hether, *Ch.* Neither.
Ph. Shall he live happy? *Ch.* Yes, *Ph.* then let me
For he knows I am his *Elysium*. (come:
Ch. Thou canst not (Wretch) *Ph.* No? whither shall I
Betake my self? *Ch.* To yond foul, foggy fen. (then
Ph. And what, when there? *Ch.* still tide it to, and fro,
In deep despair, as those self murtherers do.
See'st thou those Troops, like *Autumns* leavy spoil,
What self bemoaning, what unpittied coil
They keep, whilst I stern *Charon* have no ears
To hear their plaints, nor eyes to see their tears?
Ph. Have I contemned life, neglected *Thrace*,
And my imperial Scepter for this place?
Ch. Blame thine own rathness to anticipate
The supream act of *Adamantine* fate.
Ph. Hast thou no pitty left for Queens? *Ch.* No, now
The basest Beggar is as great as thou.
Ph. O give me yet a draught of *Lethe*, that
I may forget the tyranny of fate.
Ch. It cannot be allow'd, alas, thy woes (knows.
Begin but now. *Ph.* when end they then? *Ch.* God
Ph. Pitty sweet *Charon*, pitty for his sake,
Whose innocence must of my griefs partake.
This he, and I long since agreed upon,
That he should *Phillis* be, I, *Demophon*.
The Heart I wear, it is not mine, but his,
And this is *Cupids Metamorphosis*.
'Tis I have sin'd, and must he bear the blow?
'Tis not my heart, but his that suffers now.

O either yield then to my juſt deſire,
Or let me ſuffer in my ſelf intire.
Charon conſider well, I know thou doſt,
And then be merciful, at leaſt be juſt.
Ch. The caſe is weighty, and I ought to trudge,
To be reſolv'd on't by Hells fatal Judge.
Ph. Rather than ſo, Cæleſtial pitty move
To ſpare us both, and lay the fault on *Love*.
Ch. Well, *Love* ſhall blind the Gods, and pitty ſhall
For once (fair Queen) be preſidential.
Or, if the Gods will not commiſerate?
Ile ſteal thee over Styx in ſpite of fate.

Flectere ſi nequeo ſuperos Acherontа movebo.

ELEGY

Upon my Worthy Friend Mr. Iſaack Lawton.

DAmme up thoſe floods, what means all this ado?
Iſaac is dead, and, is not *Abraham* too?
Do we not know, the juſt, and the unjuſt,
Are, alike, Captives in the chains of duſt?
But, ſee, his ſoul ſhakes off thoſe earthy Fetters,
And now is free, while we are natures Debters.
Yet, ſhall this Clay again in glory riſe,
Nor needs it to be water'd with your eyes.
E're long upon his flowery Grave ye'l ſee
The Violets of his humility;
Lillies and bluſhing Roſes ſhall ſpring thence,
Emblems of modeſty and innocence.

With

With many more his Vertues to proclaim,
Deriving all their Odours from his name.
Is Death, the beſt thing God can mortals give?
Heaven ſeems to hate us then to let us live.
For his Deceaſe, let others Mourners be,
I rather envy his Felicity.
This, I could ſorrow for, and who would not?
Not to be worthy of his happier lot.
Yet, could ye mourn? this might Your grief aſwage,
He did not live to be the Slave of Age.
And ſcorn of Fortune, rackt with doubts, deſpair,
Falſe hope, and fear, as moſt Men living are.
Some ſullen Souls, at Deaths unwelcom doom,
Break like an Earthquake from the trembling womb.
And with unknown Convulſions, tear, and wreſt,
As Devils took their leave of the poſſeſt.
But *Lawton*'s parting was ſo ſtill, his ſoul
Out of his body broke not, but, even ſtole.
The peaceful *Pſyche* is to Heaven fled,
Leaving her ſleeping conſort in the bed.
No noiſe ſhe made, nor of grief any ſhew,
Only one ſigh, to bid her ſweet, adieu.
Her eaſie ſteps he neither hear'd, nor felt,
Yet on his Lips ſome minutes ſpace ſhe dwelt.
As who ſhould ſay, ſleep on, and by this kiſs
Ile come, and wake thee to Eternal bliſs.

An Elegy upon Sir Henry Wright *Baronet, who dyed* Feb. 5. 1663.

Eſex has loſt her better *Genius*,
The Son of *Englands Eſculapius*.
The King has loſt a Subject of Renown,
None of the meaneſt Jewels of his Crown.
Sir *Henry Wright*, in whoſe deplored loſſe,
The Church too has th' addition of a Croſſe.
Relations, Neighbors, Tenants, Servants, all
Are here concern'd, the loſs is general.
His Death exacts of whoſoe're it hears,
Tempeſts of ſighs, and *Hurricans* of tears.
Faith, Juſtice, Love, and Loyalty are gone
With bleſt *Aſtrea* to the Horizon.
With whom our comforts like a *Winters* Sun,
Vaniſht almoſt as ſoon as they begun;
Scarce did his early rayes arrive at noon,
He liv'd too faſt, and therefore dy'd too ſoon.
Where others make an end, he did begin.
True, he has green without, but grave within.
And when at any time he ſilence broke
An Age, at leaſt, beyond himſelf he ſpoke.
As if his reaſon, and his Richer ſenſe
He ow'd to Nature, not Experience.
The vaſtneſſe of his Heart, in this was ſhown,
That Hoſpitality made his Houſe Her Throne.
He was of all belov'd to whom as due,
His King gave Honour, and his Country too.
Who all for him unanimous votes did give,
To be (as twice) their Repreſentative.

Of

Of whom their wiſely grounded hope was more
Than *Alexander* gave a Kingdom for.
Nor were they here deceiv'd, he was ſo juſt
With intereſt, he anſwer'd all their truſt.
He din'd but here, and went to Heaven to ſupper,
Rais'd from the lower houſe, now, to the upper.
Then let his Lady ſpare her precious flood,
Since a whole Kingdom ſhares her Widow-hood.
Whoſe flowing eyes muſt like another Nyle,
Drown the ſad Face of this impoveriſht Iſle.

Upon a Gentleman drown'd, and loſt in the River Wharfe *in* Yorkſhire.

IT ſignifies juſt nothing, when Heaven calls,
Let Worms, or Fiſhes, be our *Cannibals.*
My fancy yet, the nobler Fiſh prefers
Before the Worms, thoſe crawling Sepulchers.
Nor care I much, ſince ſomething muſt confound me,
A Feaver burn me, or a Dropſie drown me?
Fleſh has its Period, and that ſtop being come,
What could he wiſh, but ſuch a Cryſtal Tomb?
Whence he, in time may mount up to the Sun,
In ſome tranſlucid Exhalation.
Whilſt ſuch, as in their Chambers make their ends,
Bugbears become, and ſcare-Crows to their Friends.
But he that liv'd, and I hope dy'd in Chriſt,
Could not be ſo much drown'd, as re-baptiz'd.
So Gods Elect (pardon our gloſs upon't)
Had no leſs than an Ocean for their Font.

Why

Why then bemoan ye him, who happy man,
Croſt but this *Jordan* into *Canaan*.
That more than milky Paradice? They muſt ſwim
Oceans of Tears that mean to follow him.
Ceaſe then vain ſearch, and let thoſe bones alone,
That reſt with *Moſes* in a Tomb unknown.
For know he had ſpite of his fatal fall,
Floated e're this, but that he had no gall:
Whom ſilent deeps conceal, leaſt he once found,
Should in our Tears a ſecond time be drown'd.

Upon a Lady at York *dying in Child-Birth.*

AND, but Her fate was ſuch, think ye that ſhe
Could fall beneath theſe flags of Victory.
Not poſſible, but, ah! this Lilly-bed,
Was aſhy Death mounted on his pale ſteed;
That Prince of terrors from the Siſters ſent
To rifle and take down this ſilver Tent.
And, what was that to us, if Heaven thought meet,
That ſhe ſhould lay in, in Her Winding ſheet?
Or that Her Son thus unaccuſtom'd wiſe,
Should *Phœnix* like from Her own aſhes riſe.
Or, that his Spring muſt needs her Autumn be,
And we have but a Pippin for a Tree?
All ſtill to love, and providence impute,
That labour is not loſt that's crown'd with Fruit.
Nay, let us rather Heavens juſt praiſe proclaim,
That from a ſhadow ſuch a ſubſtance came.

Not

Not but her Years ſo freſh, ſo full of bloom,
Among the living might have ſtill found room.
But that her ſoul which nought, but, Heaven con-
Became too volatile for its Elements. (tents,
Which, ('cauſe their centres, yet, contrary are)
Subſided, and became this falling Star.
Left here as pledge, till Earth ſhall kiſs the Skies,
And Duſt in glory to its Conſort riſe.
Meanwhile thus White, thus all in brydal State,
To Her bright Spouſe aſcends Heaven's Candidate.
How then is Fate unkind? Death comes but right,
'Tis ſickle-ſeaſon when the Fields are white.
Yea, even her Bed did ſo all-white appear,
As if her innocence would ſtill live there.
Thus Heaven, and Earth conſpire a glorious day,
When Soul and Body go the milky way.

Epitaph upon Mr. Robert Dey *Apothecary.*

NOrwich in ſorrows weeds attend his Urn,
And, not for his, but, for your own ſakes mourn.
Remember Citizens how ye us'd to fly
To ſue out your reprives from Death, to Dye.
Whoſe *Salutiferous* Magazine of Arts,
Was Your ſole Sanctuary 'gainſt Death's Darts.
Their feeble nature in a trice might be,
Arm'd againſt all Diſeaſes *Cap a Pe.*
But he is gone, and in a good Old Age,
Took his calm *exit* off a turbulent Stage.
His Death, as harmleſſe as his Birth, from whence
His dayes deriv'd a double Innocence.

Whilſt we (for ſo perhaps Heaven has thought
Are left to write our ſtories in our blood. (good,)
Times ſythe has wounded him, but he has got
Such *ſemper vivum* as he feels it not.
With Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition,
He made up his Cœleſtial compoſition.
And with an Unctious name, he mixt a *Roll*
Of *Gratia-Dei* and embalm'd his Soul.
Whoſe thread of Life, cut by the Siſters knife,
For *Aqua vitæ*, he drinks Water of Life
Unto his praiſes much might added be,
But take this one for all, namely, that he,
Even *Dey* the true Apothecary was,
All that are left, are but *Synonyma's*.

Epitaph upon Doctor Edward Cook.

UNſluce Your Captive floods, what, can ye keep
Your eyes from tears, and ſee the marble weep?
Burſt out for ſhame, or if ye find no vent
For grief, yet, ſtay, and ſee the ſtones relent.
If ſtill ye can forbear? weep then to ſee
Your ſtupid hearts more ſtone than *Niobe*.

Epitaph upon a Weaver.

HEre lyes a Weaver, whom that Turk,
And Tyrant Death turn'd out of Work.

Poor

Poor fellow, he is gone, what though?
He's out of bonds, would I were ſo.
Alas he ſold *Chamelion* ware,
By which he ſav'd ſcarce ought but air.
Gone, quoth he *I* pray, how ſhould he ſtay?
Such gain will drive us all away.
Well, 'twas a ſad and ſuddain change,
And yet to me 'tis nothing ſtrange.
For tradings dead, and Wares will give
No price at all, how could he live?

To the perpetual memory of my ever Honour'd Couſin, Mrs. E. Harman.

UNder this ſad Marble lyes
Nature's Pride, and Beauties prize.
Such, ſo ſweet Her accents were,
As would charm a *Syrens* ear.
Her mode ſo modeſt was, as ſhe
Taught the Turtle chaſtity.
In ſum, a more Vertuous Wife,
Never ſweeten'd Husbands Life.
To conclude then, all was ſhe
Man could wiſh, or Woman be.
Who lyes here like Treaſure found,
Not above, but under ground.

On good Wife Plain.

HEre without either, welt, or gard
Lyes Goodwife *Plain* in the Church-Yard.
Freſh in our memory till the next rain,
Settle the Earth again down plain.

MAN.

WHat time *Jehovah*, Heaven & Earths Creator,
Had finiſht this his foot-ſtool's vaſt Theatre.
He brings up Man, that all the World might ſee,
His all-wiſe Art in their Epitome.
His Body, his baſe part Earth repreſents, (ments.
His Heaven breath'd ſoul, Earth's ſoul, the Ele-
Th' Ingredients of the World are, water, air,
Earth, Fire, and even ſuch Man's ingredients are.
Your leave, and thus the ſemblance I rehearſe
Between the great and little univerſe.

His head's Orbicular, like the circular Skies,
Whoſe Lamps meet Rivals in his Orient eyes.
And as 'tis Heaven moſt like, 'tis Heaven moſt near,
Reaſon ſwayes her Majeſtick Scepter there.
That Divine gueſt that makes a man, thence all
The ſenſes borrow their Original.
And, as their ſole, and ſupream Court repair,
To manifeſt their virtues in that chair.
Nor may I here forget that comely front,
That even ſurprizes all that look upon't.

Thoſe

Thoſe lovely Lineaments, thoſe goodly graces,
Attend the ſweets of well proportion'd faces.
What Wonders Nature in his Tongue commences,
The Inſtrument of his delicious ſenſes.
Which we beyond expreſſe, oft times refreſh
With *Rapſodies* from that ſmall film of fleſh.
How right here's *Pan*, and *Phœbus* whilſt our ears
Are partial 'twixt our voyces and the Sphears.
Sometimes 'tis gentle, and again as loud,
As thunder roaring from the ſhattered Cloud.
His hair does with the piles of graſs agree
Both, equal foot-ſteps of a Deity.
Both the effect of moiſture, who ſo ſeeks
The Roſe, and Lilly, they blow in his Cheeks.
Nay, what can You preſent, but he commands,
The lively trans-hope from his Protean hands?
His blood is like the ſtreams, that to and fro,
Turning and winding are the centre through.
Should I here ſwell my ſtory to preſent,
The Offiee of each Chord, each ligament.
The Nerves, then tendons, and the Arteries?
My Life would be too ſhort to finiſh theſe.
Nay, there is nothing, but in it I ſee
A theme of wonder to Eternity.
And yet, this body we can't praiſe enough,
Compare it with the ſoul, 'tis ſordid ſtuffe.
There's no ſuch difference 'twixt the ſorry caſe,
And Jewel, 'twixt the maſk and the fair face.
Our bodies, doubtleſſe, are a kin to all,
The very Beaſts, and as thoſe Beaſts, they fall.
But by our ſouls, we are to Heaven ally'd,
Which, with our bodies ſhall be glorify'd.
Nature's appointed time of change revolves,
And Fleſh into its Elements reſolves.

His native heat does to the Fire repair,
Humours to water, breath to the next air.
The bones, and parts that are more ſolid, muſt
Lye Priſ'ners, till they render duſt to duſt.
Mean while the ſoul her native ſtation keeps
In Heaven, whilſt nature in her cauſes ſleeps.

HELL.

Par nulla figura Gehennæ.

ACcurſed *Topheth*! how ſhall I define
This diſmal Dungeon, this ſad Cell of thine?
So dusky, dark, ſo wholly void of light,
How ſhall I ſee to draw thy Picture right?
What colours ſhall I uſe? Colours ſaid I,
Thou art all black, black as *Proſerpines* eye.
Deep, and declive, beneath the dead Sea is
In a blind hole, this thy all black abyſs.
Thy pitchy Palace, where the chearly Sun
Ne're comes, as out of his Commiſſion.
Nor lends the Moon ſo much as one odd night,
To qualifie thy darkneſſe with her light.
Which we but ſleep by? No, nor all the Year,
Does one ſmall Star on thy dark front appear.
Thou blackeſt Moor ask but thy *Danaan* train,
Their Tub-task tells thee, thou art Labour in vain.
Go ask *Ixion* elſe, or him whoſe ſtone
Gathers no moſs, they all conclude in one.
Thou the true *Negro* art, and Patentee
Of utter ſhades, there is no night but thee.

The

The darkneſſe the *Ægyptians* felt, was but
A Type of thine, and that too fairly cut.
Tartarious *Tullian*, how thy tract is trod
To *Baalzebub*, Knight of the black Rod?
Whoſe haggy hair curls into ſnaky torts
More terrible than Poets poor reports.
His gaſhly, yea, his griſly look is ſuch,
My ſenſe forſakes me if I think on't much.
His Horns, the fire-fork is wherewith he turns
Thoſe broyling ſceletons, he ever burns.
In flames that never ſhall be quencht, but hark!
I talk of flames, and yet I call Hell dark!
Flames, it is true, there are, but black, not bright,
Yea there is Fire, and yet no Fire-light.
Foul Fiend! Thy Noſe is like a Comet, or
The tail of ſome prodigious Meteor.
Well may it ſerve thee for a red hot pur,
Wherewith thou doſt thy ſtifling Sulphur ſtir.
Thy ſooty Eye-brows are as black as coals,
Smoakt with thine eyes that flame like Oven holes.
Mean while the corners where freſh Brimſtom lies,
Portends a yellow Jaundiſe in thine eyes.
Or rather the black Jaundiſe is thy grief,
But thy Diſeaſe admits of no relief.
Thy mouth, like raging *Ætna*, vomits fire,
The furious flames of thy unſlackt deſire.
As much attractive, and as merc'leſs as
The ſeven times hotter heated furnace was.
Thine arms are fiery Fetters that embrace
Thoſe Monuments of miſery, whoſe ſad caſe,
Thou doſt not pitty, though thou ſeem'ſt a while,
To weep upon them, like the Crocodile.
Have You not heard of ſmoaking *Sodom*? ſuch
His breath's, but *Sodom* ſmoaks not halfe ſo much,

His veyns are ſtreams of Sulphur; his loud lungs
His bellows, and his hideous hands, his tongues.
His black, and Melancholly blood contains
Worſe poyſon than e're lurkt in Centaurs veyns.
And, by his cloven foot, 'tis plainly ſhown,
His Kingdom runs upon diviſion.
Theſe are his titles; *The Unfathom'd Gulfe,*
The Roaring Lyon, and the Raging Wolfe.
The Wilde-Boar of the Forreſt, the Annoyer
Of Chriſtian Liberty, the Deſtroyer.
The mortal Enemy of all Mankind,
By theſe and ſuch like terms is he defin'd.
Father of falſhood, *Feces* of the Cup
Of Condemnation, who can ſumme thee up.
Or ſet thee forth? No hand can e're effect it,
Unleſſe that hand that captiv'd thee direct it.
Envy her Enſign on thy front diſplayes,
And like the baſiliſk at diſtance ſlayes.
Thy noſe, ſteep as the Alps, parts two deep Cells,
On this ſide hatred, that ſide malice dwells.
And, cauſe ſuch Beauty ſome preſervative ask
Shame and Confuſion are thy conſtant mask.
But leaſt my Charcoal fail to finiſh thee,
Thou art the form, of all deformity.
As for thy Vaſſals, thus begin their evils,
Their entrance ſtrait transforms them into Devils.
Their entertainment will be ſuch, as they
Shall flee to death, but death ſhall flee away.
The torturous worm that gnaws their Conſciences,
Does like *Prometheus vultur* never ceaſe.
Curſes are all hymnes, their parched throats,
Can't *Lacbryma* in lamentable notes.
Their Ditty's blaſphemy, ſchrieching their ſtrains,
Howling their tune, whoſe burthen grief ſuſtains.

With

With ſighs and ſobs, gnaſhing their teeth, thus run,
Their doleful deſcant, and diviſion.
Well knew our Saviour *Judas* ſad eſtate,
When he pronounc'd his Birth infortunate.
Alaſs? theſe ſufferings are inſufferable,
Yet muſt be born, although we be not able.
Sad is the ſtrength, that is, but lent us to
Suſtain the *Atlas* of a greater woe.
Of Fables fond and fooliſh Poets tell,
That *Hercules* went, and return'd from Hell.
Well might he go, but if he e're return'd,
To tell his rearival Ile be burn'd.
He that comes to this place, he muſt diſcuſſe,
His *exit* with a ſtouter *Cerberus*.
Alcides might, and *Orpheus* mirth muſt fail,
They cannot 'gainſt the Gates of Hell prevail.
No hope of breaking out, the Dungeons deep,
And the vaſt trench environs it is ſleep.
'Tis wall'd to Heaven, and has a dreadful mote,
Nine times ſurrounds it, that will bear no boat.
Sure ſuch a Gulph 'twixt thee, and me doth flow,
Thou canſt not hither, nor we thither go.
Deſpair, and dye; hope no revocative day,
Since thou art baniſht into *Scythia*.
Ye that drink the Worlds *Lethe*, forget God,
See here his Scorpions, ſee his flaming rod.
Ye jeaſted with edg'd tools, but though the heel
Of Juſtice lead is, know her hand is ſteel.
Heart piercing words, depart ye, from my ſight,
Into the boſom of confuſed night.
Hurry him hence, headlong him down beneath,
To the black valley of eternal death.
Think not thy Curtains are commanded cloſe,
To apt thy eyes to a ſecure repoſe.

No

No, Hells hard ſervic'd Centinels muſt keep
Continual Watch, and never, never ſleep.
Nor be reliev'd: No *Circean* Lullabies
Shall be of power to charm their damned eyes.
Think now, prophaneſt liver, do but think
How thou of this ſo bitter Cup wilt drink;
What I have writ, read, and conſider well,
And tell me then, but what thou'lt thinkſt of Hell.
Didſt thou ly waking on a bed more ſoft
Than Down, pluckt from the Ravens quill, how oft
Wouldſt thou wiſht Morning? lingring for the light,
Though Bed-rid but a poor *Cymerian* night.
Think then how thou wilt toſſe thy reſtleſs head,
Where everlaſting burning is thy bed.
Think then, I ſay, of their accurs'd condition,
Whoſe miſery admits no intermiſſion.
This is that bitter draught, whoſe dire dregs be
The limits of theſe woes, Eternity.
One thing moſt ſtrange, and what I much ad *Mir'is*.
A wiſe man thinks there no material Fire is.
But who believes it not's worſe than the Devil,
And, I had almoſt ſaid bad as *Will Nevill*.
Here I break off, ſhould I proceed to tell
What ſuch have loſt, that were another Hell.

---- En ultima tanti
Meta furoris adeſt.

Innocents Day.

SCarce was the Heaven bleſs'd *Mary's* travel done,
But ſhe again muſt travel with her Son.

The

The Virgin Mother was, that Star-light day,
Instead of brought to bed, brought on her way.
Twice too, was she deliver'd, sayes the Text,
Of her pain first, and of her peril next.
Angel-warn'd *Joseph* does his journey take
For *Ægypt*, and the Babes of *Bethlehem* make
Another Red Sea of their Reeking blood,
And sigh their Saviour o're the Crimson flood.
Scarce had they found out yet the milky springs,
When the unpittying sword Deaths errand brings.
The tender Lambs fall, the Old Fox his prey:
They could not stand to't, no, nor run away.
With naked breast, the naked steel they met,
They had not learned to cry Quarter yet.
The Butchers break in with Deaths loud alarms,
And make a Shambles of the Mothers arms:
One blow dispatches both, when the Child dyes,
The Mother pours her Soul out at her eyes. (floud,
They both lye drown'd, though not in the same
Rachel in Tears, and her sweet Babe in bloud.
The wounds of Death, the most of them endur'd,
E're time had those of Circumcision cur'd.
Thus *Joseph* like, the Babes of *Joseph*'s stem,
Crawle from the Dungeon to the Diadem.
And since for Christ's sake, to the Crosse they come,
Their Massacre is made a Martyrdom.
The holy cause, 'tis like, they did not know,
And yet, they suffer'd with a witnesse though.
Nor need the Army of the Martyrs be
Asham'd to own this noble Infantry. (born,
Who have with them, Christs Cross, and colours
And more than that, have led up the forlorn.

Heaven

HEAVEN.

HEaven! Lord what's that? Is it that heap of (Treasure,
The Worldling hugs ſo, or that ſweet of plea-
So idoliz'd, is it that glorious puffe (ſure
Of honour, wherewith men ne're ſwell enuffe.
Or is it Beauty, whoſe Cœleſtial fire
Blows up that *Ætna* of the Worlds deſire?
Lyes it elſe in revenge, that ſweet, ſweet eaſe
Of injuries no, no, 'tis none of theſe;
For wealth, alas, has Wings, and all the reſt
Are vanity of vanity at beſt.
What is it then? Earths wide ſtreacht *Canopie*,
The glittering ſurface of the ambient Sky?
Is it the Sun, that glorious globe of light,
Or his bright Conſort, Empreſſe of the night?
No, none of theſe; we muſt aſcend a ſphear,
Two ſtories higher than our eyes, and there.
Even there this Heaven of Heaven is, but firſt I
E're I can tell You what it is muſt dye.
In vain for Heaven, I darkling grope about,
I cannot ſee't untill theſe eyes be out.
Eyes have not ſeen, nor yet hath humane ear,
Heard of the *joyes*, thoſe *joyes* of *joyes* are there.
Nor hath it enter'd into th' heart of Man,
'Tis too anguſt, ah, 'tis too ſmall a ſpan
To entertain't, we muſt *per* force decline it, (it?
Heaven were not Heaven, could fleſh & blood define
Grant (O my God) that I not being able,
To ſhew ye Heaven, make not Heaven ſeem a fable.

But

But lo! the Sacred ſpirit here deſcends
Unto our underſtanding, and commends.
This inexpreſſive Paradiſe, and even
As it were by reflexion, ſhowes us Heaven.
Which he a ſumptuous City calls, built on,
And by Chriſt Jeſus the true Corner ſtone.
This City, not with hands made, is four ſquare,
Eaſt, Weſt, North, South-gates equidiſtant are.
Length, height, and breadth do all conſpire to be
The uniform of perfect Symetry.
Twelve Gates there are of moſt magnificent ſtate,
Made of twelve Pearls, of every Pearl a Gate.
And, as twelve Gates of twelve vaſt Pearls ſo here,
Twelve Rich Foundations of twelve gems appear.
The *Sardius*, *Saphyr*, and the *Sardonix*,
The *Topas*, *Jaſper*, and *Jacynth* are ſix.
The *Beryll*, *Amethiſt*, and *Calcedonite*,
Chryſopraſus emrald, and *Chyſolite*.
Make up the four times three, whoſe ſparkling light,
Baniſh all poſſibility of night.
The ſtately ſtreets all along as ye paſſe,
Are pav'd with Gold *tranſparenter* than glaſſe.
Through which the ſilver ſtreams of Life, convey
Their Cryſtal Currents whilſt in Rich array.
On either ſide this glittering *Tagus*, ſtand
The Trees of Life, whoſe Boughs bow to the hand.
There's neither Sun, nor Moon, in that bright *ſphear*,
He that lent them their light, himſelf ſhines there.
There's none that watch, nor none that guard re-lieves,
What *need there*, ſince there's *neither night* nor *theeves*.
There's nothing grieves, no being *al amort*:
Darkneſſe and Death are Strangers in that Court.
Envy, back-biting, malice, and diſgrace
Sorrow, and ſickneſſe, come not in that place.

Without

Without are Dogs, nothing that is unclean,
Has any part in that all bliſsful Scene.
But meekneſſe joy, and all extreams of Love,
Such are the Stars in that bright Orb that move,
It is a Kingdom of ſo vaſt Renown,
And Triumph, every Subject wears a Crown.
Where (bleſſed God) they feaſt their eyes on thee.
And look their bliſs into Eternity.
How ſhall I hope ſufficiently t' admire
Thoſe living Powers in thy Cœleſtial Quire?
Thoſe Thouſand Thouſands that attend upon
The radiant Throne of thy all glorious Son.
Angels, Archangels, Cherubim, and Thrones,
Amazing Seraphim, and Dominions.
Which, in thy higheſt preſence alwayes ſit
Enjoying Happineſſe next to infinit.
Any of which deſcending from his ſtory,
Would Extacy, and kill us with his glory.
Here, cloſe Your Lids my daring eyes, leaſt ye
Where Angels hide their Faces be too free.
Lord how I reach, and roam t' uncurtain Heaven!
Whilſt I am even of mine own ſelf bereaven.
O take theſe Fetters, take theſe Clogs from me,
Take theſe ſcales from mine eyes that I may ſee.
Thy Tabernacle, thy *Hieruſalem*, (them
Which thou, Heavens Monarch haſt prepar'd for
That love, and ſerve thee, ah me! when ſhall I
Come and appear before thy Majeſty?
Where e're thou be, let me but ſee thy face,
Ile ask no other Heaven, no other place.
If thou deſcend into th' abyſs below,
My ſoul ſhall wiſh no other Heaven to know.
Where thou art, Heaven is, 'tis not the reſort
Of Courtiers, but the King that makes the Court.

I do not ſtand on this, or any place,
Only in mercy, let me ſee thy face.
Thus have I taken pains, to ſhew ye that
Which is, I muſt confeſs I know not what.

On Gun-powder Treaſon,

NOw, fools! how think ye, is there not a God,
Ask but Your backs that ſmart with your own rod.
When ye prepar'd this Cup, did ye then think
The Dregs ſhould be the draught Your ſelves muſt drink?
Doubtleſs, ye'd not have dig'd ſo deep a pit.
Had ye but dream't that ye ſhould hanſel it?
How black was this Eccliplſe? what meant ye by't?
A flame, and yet no light, 'twas Hell fire right.
Was ever *Vulcan* matcht with ſuch a horn?
But he that ſate in Heaven, laught them to ſcorn.
What at one blow, both Court and Commons? piſh,
'Twas but a falſifie, a *Caligula*'s wiſh.
Yea, but falſe fire, by Heaven the touch-hole was
So ſtopt, the flame could not to th' barrel paſs.
Bleſt be the Churches, great Protector for't,
'Twas ye gave Fire, but we gave the report.
Infernal Angels, fight with *Gabriel*,
And Heaven it ſelf ſeems undermin'd by Hell.
But, O how vainly the black brood of night,
Martial their Mates againſt the Sons of light?
Fear not *Bethulia*, *Holifernus* ſhall
Be dead drunk, and by his own Fauchion fall.

Goliahs

Goliahs boasts, are breathleſſe, mighty *Mydian*,
Muſt buckle to the brandiſht Reel of *Gideon*.
We need not fear, nor care we though Hell knock,
Our Temple's built on an impregnable Rock.
Preſerv'd by Providence; *Babels* brats may kick,
But never move our Heaven-fixt Candleſtick.
'Tis *Rome*, muſt ruine *Rome*, 'tis not your gins
Are able to enſnare us, but our ſins.
Puffe till ye pant again, alas, fond foe,
Ye do but aſhes of our Altars blow.
And, whilſt Your Hell-hatcht Plots Your hate reveal,
Ye don't extinguiſh, but enflame our zeal.
The wind that ſhakes the boughs, faſtens the root,
And You confirm us whilſt ye go about.
Thus to ſupplant us, tuſh, ye do but hence
Endear us to our God for new defence.
But would ye have Your ends? Thus, let it be,
Plot ſo, as he that made the eye, mayn't ſee.

Upon a Sparrow catcht at a Pipe of Canary.

THis is a wonder; Drawer, ſcore it up,
A Sparrow taking of a chierping Cup?
'Tis like the Bird, his fancy ſomewhat ripe
To the Canary flew, to tune the Pipe.
The Drawers eye, th' unlucky Bird beſet,
Who 'ſtead of drawing Wine did draw his net.
The Proverb henceforth will for nothing ſtand,
A Bird in th' buſh, is here a bird ith' hand.
Sure, thought the Drawer, having drunk his fill,
He means to pay me, for he has a Bill.

He

He ſips the other touch, and then he reels,
But certainly, he'l never take his heels.
No, nor he need not, had he drunk till night,
Like *Icarus* he was prepar'd for flight.
But when the Drawer ſaw, he drunk all weathers,
Not truſting to his heels, but to his feathers.
In rage, ſayes he, and then himſelf beſtirr'd,
This Sparrow ſure is a Canary Bird.
He caught him faſt, and brought him to the bar,
Who had recover'd, had he come ith' air.
He was a Cup too low, for, be it known,
He'd ne're been overtaken, if high flown.

Upon one Mr. Lee, *deſiring ſome Friends of his to ſteal a* Weſtphalia *Ham, and giving them Sack to it.*

A Strangers Quarter, ſuch as daily we
Upon the City Gates are wont to ſee.
Hanging upon a Tavern Kitchin baulk,
Became an eye-ſoar, and a Coffee-talk.
One Mr. *Lee*, by chance, by the fire ſide,
Askt if this Malefactor had been try'd.
Enquires his name and Country, and hears ſay,
Bacon by name, Country *Weſtphalia*:
Bacon ſaid he? This Bacon is, by *Og*,
But once removed from *Mine Here Van Hog*.
Nearly related to my Lord *Wilde Boar*,
A *Potentate* whom Pearls are caſt before.

And 'tis not fit one of extraction rare,
With *Mahomet*, ſhould hang ſtill in the air.
I therefore wiſht, ſayes he, ſome friends of mine,
Would bury him, and I'de find Bread and Wine.
Of whom I hope, I may this favour beg,
In that I joyn the Hogs-head to the Leg.
With that we had him to a ſpacious room,
Princes themſelves would envy ſuch a tomb.
In plenteous bowls, we pour'd out all our mones,
And there in decent manner laid his bones.
Knowing right well after the Funeral Feaſt,
Our bellies full, the bones would be at reſt.
I blame the Wine, for I profeſſe the Sack
Was on the *Lee*, the Bacon went to rack.
Yet there's leſſe reaſon to condemn the Wine,
For who denies, but, it was fit for Swine?
Thus in a frolick of the higheſt peg,
Lee made us drink, and we made *Lee* a Leg.

Upon a City Captain in Eutopia, *arreſting a Book-ſeller for beating him.*

BOok beats down Buffe *here*, & the Trophies parts,
Why that's no wonder, Arms muſt yield to Arts.
His War-like Limbs upon the floor were ſpread,
Never, alas, was Buffe ſo buffetted.
'Twas a fine fight, had You but been to ſee't?
There *Mars* lay couchant at *Apollo's* feet.
The Man of Iron did at firſt look grim,
But Book turn'd over a new leaf with him.

Could

Could ſuch a martial out-ſide let in fear?
To quit his ſtation for a Stationer.
Doubtleſſe, the City cannot chooſe but be
Sweetly helpt up, with ſuch *Auxil'ary.*
She need not fear, he will defend her Wall,
As bravely, as the Gyants do *Guild-Hall.*
He wears a Guilded Gorget, what of it?
A Ladies Gorget would be far more fit.
A juſt compariſon, for, as I take it,
An *Amazon* would put him in her placket.
A Booby, a Buffoon, a thing ſo tame,
He wears no terrour 'bout him, but his name.
And that too, now is ſo ridic'lous made,
As it makes none except himſelf afraid.
When Helmets by his proweſs ſhould be cleft,
Alas! his heart is with his Miſtriſſe left.
Set paces through the Street he meaſures out,
But, cannot, would he hang himſelf, look ſtout.
And he does wear, that all the World may ſee,
The ſillyeſt Head-piece of the company.
And let a real Enemy appear,
I would not, for a groat, be in his Rear.
In brief, the Puppet is ſcarce fit to be
One of the Life-Guard to a Cherry-tree.
And therefore, leſt there a *Don Quixot* want,
The Windmils take thee for their Combatant.
Yet, if thou ſhouldſt the Wind would blow thee down,
And take advantage of thy copple-crown.
But, Sir, the Serjeants that you ſent to me,
Were they the Serjeants of Your Company?
'Tis like they were, for they had learnt of You,
To come behind, to ſhew their valour too.
Herein (brave *Heroe*) you Your ſelf enlarge,
Your Serjeants rally to a Counter-charge.

Plain Dealing. Written by Mr. A. B.

1.

WEll, well, 'tis true,
I am now faln in Love,
And 'tis with You.
But ſince I plainly ſee,
Whilſt you'r enthron'd by me above,
You all your Arts, and Powers improve
To tyrant over me,
And make my flames th' incentives of Your ſcorn,
Whilſt You rejoyce, and feaſt Your eyes,
To ſee me thus forlorn.

2.

But yet be wiſe,
And don't believe that I
Did think Your eyes
Brighter than Stars could be,
Or, that Your Face Angels out-vies
In their Cœleſtial Liveries,
'Tis all but Poetry,
I could have ſaid as much by any ſhe,
You are not Beauteous of your ſelf,
But are made ſo by me.

3. Though

3.

Though we like fools
Fathom the Earth, the Sky,
And drein the Schools
For names t' expreſs you by.
Out-rant the lowd'ſt *Hyperboles*
To dub ye Saints, and Deities,
By *Cupids* Heraldry.
We know y' are fleſh and blood as well as Men,
And when we pleaſe, can mortalize,
And make ye ſo again.

4.

But ſince that fate
Has drawn me to the ſin
That I did hate,
Ile not my labour looſe;
But purpoſe, ſince my hand is in,
Thus to love on, as I begin,
Spite of thoſe Arts you uſe,
And let You ſee the World is not ſo bare,
There's things enough to love, beſide
Such toyes as Women are.

5.

I'le love good Wine,
Ile love my Book, my Muſe,
Nay all the nine.
Ile love my real Friend,
Ile love my Horſe, or, could I chuſe
One that would not my Love abuſe.
To Her my Love ſhould bend.

Ile love all thoſe that laugh, and thoſe that ſing,
Ile love my Country, Prince and Laws,
And thoſe that love the King.

As plain dealing, being the Ladies Anſwer.

1.

WEll, well, 'tis true,
I now am out of Love,
And 'tis with You:
For ſince I plainly ſee
You are ſo high, You cannot take
A look undreſs'd, but You muſt make
Your Sing-ſongs thus of me;
Ile henceforth ſquib your Wild-fire flames & ſcorn,
Redintegration, leaving you
Without all hope, forlorn.

2.

Come (Sir) be wiſe,
And be aſſur'd that I
Have ſtor'd mine eyes
With ſuch Artillery.
One ſmile would make me Stars out do,
And be Your better Angel too,
For all Your Poetry;
You muſt, I ſee, again to *Cupids* School,
You neither can me Beauteous make,
Nor yet make me a fool.

3. Your

3.

Your Ranting talk
Of fathoming the Sky,
As much needs chalk,
As ever *Bedlams* lye;
You Deities and Saints can dub,
Come (gentle Love) out of the Tub
And see thy Heraldry.
Flesh though we be, and Blood whom death con-(trouls,
Yet to obtain that Flesh and Blood,
You'l pawn your very souls.

4.

But is it then
Counted a sin to love;
Amongst you Men
What Art I can, Ile use,
And all my spight and scorn improve,
Lest You a second sute should move,
And so your labour loose;
You say the World is wide, tell them that care,
For I have more to do, than mind
Such toyes as Lovers are.

5.

Go, love Your Wine,
Your Book, this Muse and that,
Nay all the nine
So You will not love me,
For me, I love my Dog, my Cat,
Nay, I could love I care not what,
So it may not be thee:

Love You Your Ranting, and Your laughing Crew,
I love my Country, and my King,
And those that laugh at you.

Upon a long, long'd for Friend contingently met in an Inn, who lay all night next Chamber to me, and I never knew it till next morning.

NExt Room, and I not know it? 'tis a sign
The Poet had forgotten to Divine.
What *Circe* charm'd me? did the last Nights Cup
Of *Lethe's* Ice, lock my dull senses up.
With *Morpheus* Leaden Key? *Endymions* Cave
Was never so profound, as the warm Grave.
Rockt me in this dead sleep; No more then, say
With those of Old, Love will find out the way.
For Love is blind, as midnight, else for certain,
His eyes had pierc'd a porous Wainscoat Curtain.
Dead men can look through clay, and never stood
In need of Souls to call out murder'd blood.
And shall Revenge such correspondence keep
With Death, and (Love) none with Deaths Brother, sleep?
Officious steel to's proper pole does move:
How call ye Love the Load-stone then of Love?
The *Marygold*, and *Heliotroph* obey
Each motion of the Emperor of the day.
The crusty Oyster knows the Tides just hour,
And by instinct unlocks her Pearly Tower.

Jet

Jet will attract, and, if ye rub it, Amber;
What ſoul had I, reacht not to the next Chamber?
Could my dull Muſe my ſenſes recommend
To reſt, ſhould loſe th' Idea of my Friend.
I have not ly'd, (I hope) when I expreſt,
I alwayes did at his devotion reſt.
Where were thoſe active Atomes that convey
Intelligence? had they too loſt their way?
Was I forſaken of my *Genius*?
No *Mercury*? No *Mephestophilus*?
Another, if but talkt of, far or near,
The news comes glowing hot up to his ear.
If good, or bad? he need no further ſeek,
For a Diſcovery than his own Cheek:
If thought on by his Miſtriſs, as much mis'd,
A flea leaps with the tidings to his wriſt:
If he muſt kiſſe a fool, Or elſe drink Wine?
Follow his Noſe, it leads him to the ſign.
Swine ken the Wind, Beaſts Rain, the ſilly Mouſe
Foreſees, and ſhuns the downfall of a houſe.
Plants, Fiſh, and Fowle, even all things know their (ſeaſon,
And bring their ſenſe, thus, to upbraid my reaſon.
But more than Fortune had a hand in this,
To add the greater ſweetneſſe to our bliſſe.
Not willing that our joy ſhould come to light,
Like greaſie Candles in a gloomy night.
When I ſhould ſay, well met, but I muſt leave ye,
My heart is light Sir, but, my eyes are heavy.
My kinder ſtars did well my joyes ſuſpend,
Becauſe the Morning is the Muſes Friend.
It therefore, was of Induſtry forborn,
Till the ſweet up-riſe of the Roſie Morn;
That *Titan* might avow it with a beam,
Which, had we met o're night, had been a dream.

The

The Scotch Covenant Army first coming into England.

NOw comes the Army, which did you but see,
You'd swear it were a Jail delivery.
They march'd like Gospellers indeed, none took
Two Coats, the best had but a *Plymouth* Cloak.
First, came the Famous Pedlar, with his pack
Of small Wares, namely, Oatmeal at his back.
In forraign Fields, he'l now no longer rome,
But comes for Christs sake to kill men at home.
With him the Horse which so behalter'd were,
A Man would judge them, going to a Fair.
The Trumpet Boote sell sounds oft and long,
But deil a Boot, or Sadle in the throng. (draw:
Their Boots were Wisps, they on their Legs did
Who then can say, they were not worth a straw?
And as for sadles, some got Blew Caps, some
Got their old Leather brecks to ease the bumm.
If *Scotland* unto sadles Trees, should find them,
They'd brought away, more than they'd left be-
(hind them.
But hold, these were no Jury men, I trow,
Yet, they impannel'd were, on Horse-back though.
I wonder they ne're in the stirrop hung,
For either Foot was with a halter strung.
By which it doth evidently appear,
They came to do much Execution here.
Witnesse this Covenant of Ropes, they tye
Themselves to bear away accordingly.

Thus

Thus on their Gallowayes while the Army jogs,
You'd ſwear their muckle Horſe were Maſtiffe dogs.
On whoſe keen backs, they did their bums endorſe,
As Men condemn'd to ride the Wooden Horſe.
Horſes did not complain for want of ſhoon,
And reaſon good, for they themſelves had none.
The Foot marcht in ſuch haſt, that I ſuppoſe,
Many a Leg there was out-ran his hoſe.
Their Cloaths ſo tatter'd were, the Engliſh ſwore,
That they had been in fight the day before.
For their ſlaſht Doubtlets were ſcollopt with Rags,
And a fit prey for Dunghil Rakers bags.
O had the Army ſtood a little ſtill,
What work had there been for a paper will?
But, that in thoſe ſo antiquated cuts,
The 'Squires of the body had their huts.
Of all the Shirts upon their backs was found
Scarce ſo much lint would dreſſe a ſingle wound.
Hot Marches ſet their Throats on ſuch a flame,
They made a drought of Hogs troughs as they came.
I might march on; but here's enough of theſe
Volumes muſt ſpeak their bags and baggages.
In brief here every Ammunition Jack,
Carry'd at leaſt an Army on his back.
And his own Muſter-maſter was, theſe Fighters,
Though boſom Friends, would elſe ſoon turn back (biters.
And truly here each individial Widgeon,
Might with the Devil ſay, my name is *Legion*.

King

King CHARLES *the First.*

OUr Dread,& dearest Sov'raign *Charles* the First,
The best of Men was murder'd by the worst.
At His own Gate, by His own Subjects too,
What more could Barbarous *Moors* and *Scythians* do?
False *Scots*, betray'd, and sold him, Loons that would
Betray again our Saviour Christ, for Gold.
Thus fell our Laws, and Liberties Assertor,
The Churches Champion, and the Peoples Martyr,
To prove him Wise, Just, Learned only look
Into his most incomparable Book:
Which shall his Name to latest time present,
When Brass and Marble need a Monument.

The High and Mighty Monarch CHARLES *the Second.*

ENgland awake! see how the Royal beams,
Like *Easters* Sun, dance on the wanton streams.
Great *Cæsar* comes, the *Phosphor* of our Morn,
After an Ages night of woe, and scorn.
Hail Sacred *Phœnix*, thou that dost return
From the spic'd ashes of thy Fathers Urn.
Ride on, and reckon every day of thine
Auspicious, as thy twice *May's* twenty nine.
He that has never been Unfortunate,
Savours not halfe the sweets of happier Fate.

That

That comfort only is ſecure, and high,
Whoſe baſe is deepeſt laid in miſery.

To Boſcobella.

Madam,

I Love, and truly, ſhould I not,
I muſt have both You, and my ſelf forgot?
I talk not of the little winged Boy,
Nor his Fair flattering Mother that burnt *Troy*.
Nor cloath I my Diſcourſe in Paſt'ral dreſſe,
Call my ſelf Swain, nor You my Shepardeſſe.
I rank You not with Heavens bright *Tutelars*,
Nor Rival You unto the Moon, or Stars.
Condemn not then my plainneſſe, for I mean
No feigned ſtory, but Love's faithful ſcene.
And ſend You therefore to augment its Fuel,
This preſent of Plain dealing, for a Jewel.

Upon George Satchell, *preſenting his Maſter Kid inſtead of Fawn.*

HOw! give him Kid, for Fawn? (might thus *George*) You
Make him a Rabbet of a roaſted Puſſe.
This is Welch Veniſon indeed, ods lid,
Didſt think to fawn upon him with a Kid?

This

This Veniſon thou didſt at ſight procure,
Thou were't not *George* on horſe-back, for it ſure.
But, had thy Maſters ſenſe been quick, and near,
He could not chooſe, but have ſmelt out the cheat.
My Muſe of this excuſe for thee bethinks,
Some hold that Veniſon is beſt when't ſtinks.
May be he Kid for Veniſon had took,
Hadſt thou but had *Rebeccha* for thy Cook?
But this ſo ſtunk, it did detect thy Knavery,
Rebeccha never could have made it ſavoury.
I'm confident thy Maſter did disburſe
Not the leaſt bleſſing to thee, but a curſe.
How didſt thou catch it? prethee ſay, I heard,
As *David* did the Lyon, by the beard.
Thy Veniſon is ſuch, thy Maſter ſcorns,
And for thy labour, ſends thee back the horns.
This Rammiſh changling does with Ven'ſon matcht
But who would look for Ven'ſon in a ſatchel. (ill,

Upon a Gentleman preſenting His Miſtris a young Cypreſs Cat.

YOur meaning pray, that You preſent Her thus
A Kitling, do You take Her for a Puſſe?
'Tis probable, You might ſuſpect her, nay,
And thought Your Cat would ſure, claw her away.
Why did You not, if Puſs Your mind muſt break,
Provide her drink, that would make a Cat ſpeak?
This ſerious object (Sir) may ſpoil her chat,
And make her melancholy, as Your Cat.
Your wiſhes yet, may ſo redreſſe your folly,
As all her clouds may turn, *Love Melancholly.*

It ſeems the Lady's of a loving mind,
And then, do what you can, Cat will to kind.
The preſent proper is, maugre the Fates,
The Cupboards Courtiers are the Maids and Cats.
You ſhew Your ſelf a Polititiair,
But how if ſhe ſhould now turn Cat in pan?
Or if ſome friend ſhould chance with her prevail,
And like the Cat, ſhe ſhould play with her tail?
Then you in Your defence muſt guard the houſe,
And watch her, as a Cat ſhould watch a mouſe.
Yet, know it, if you keep too ſtrict a watch,
You'l live like Dogs and Cats, to bite and ſcratch?
If this ſhould happen (but I hope not though,)
Puſs muſt reſign her *Cypreſs* to your brow.
And could Your Cat her Lives to You aſſign,
Ile lay my Life You would bate eight, of nine.
But what a fool am I, to be controwling
A fancy that is run a Caterwowling?
I hope ſhe will not from this Cat infer,
That You'l turn Cat, and only play with her.
Nor can I think you ſo unhandſom, that
You come to get a bit (Sir) for Your Cat.
Prevail ſay I, and proſp'rouſly go on,
And may Your Cat, make You a *Wittington*.
'Tis ſometimes policy, in Mask-diſguiſe,
To look upon a Lady with Cats eyes.
With which her cunning intrigues You may mark,
For, though Love's blind, a Cat can ſee ith' dark.
Ah pocky Cat! I had gone further yet,
But that my pen is into Cats-teeth ſplit.

The Willow Garland.

HOw many Coronets of Daffodillies,
Of purer Roſes, and of *Paphian* Lillies. (own,
Wove thy falſe hope for her, thou thoughtſt thine
When Fate was wreathing Willows for thy Crown?
Unhappy Faith to truſt ſo falſe a love,
Could faſt and looſe thee in the Mirtle Grove.
Thoſe bliſsful ſhades, where every ſacred bough,
Offer'd it ſelf to kiſſe and Crown thy brow.
Thy Tongue, alas, is loſt in the ſurprize,
And nothing now is fluent, but thine eyes;
From whoſe all-watry Banks, theſe Willows ſpread,
And plat a woful Garland for thy head.
On every Leaf, Crowns thy neglected Hair,
Hang all thy fears, ſighs, cares, doubts, and deſpair.
Whilſt o're thy Crown, as other Crowns, the loſſe
Of all thy preſents is a real Croſſe.
Unfortunate! that all Herbs Powers could not
Cure thy deep wounds, & unkind *Hymen* would not.
But ſince their vertue fails, ſeek it in death,
And change thy Willow for a Cypreſs wreath.
Forſaken? 'tis a ſound to be abhorr'd,
Some blaſted air form'd that unlucky word.
Suppoſe (ſince for Her Sex, thou canſt not fight her)
Thy choler Sulphur, and thy fury Nitre,
To this, thy Willow add, and thou haſt powder,
And couldſt thou fancy rage, or vengeance lowder.
Thy heavy heart, next into bullets caſt,
Sure thou for her, wilt be prepar'd at laſt.

Then

Thy heavy heart next into Billets caſt,
Sure thou for her, wilt be prepar'd at laſt.
Then from her flinty boſom, ſtrike a ſpark,
And fire it at her heart, ſhe's a fair mark.
But now I think upon't, thou mayſt deſiſt,
It is a white, thy deſtiny has miſs'd.
What though, the Willow wretched heads adorns,
Thou wear'ſt it but as Cuckolds do their Horns.
Content then with thy Chaplet ſet thee down,
Who can deſpair, when ſorrow has a Crown?

To Captain John Clarke, *upon his Activity in ſuppreſſing the Phanaticks.*

BArk on Phanaticks, do; ye may as ſoon,
With *Syrian* Wolves, prevail againſt the Moon,
As *Clarkes* unblemiſh'd Honour, which is ſuch,
Ye may Malign, but never hope to t'uch.
Your Eyes without an Optick cannot clime
The Sphere his Fame moves in, 'tis too ſublime:
For like the Sun it does in Glory ſit,
Exhaling envious Vapors after it;
Which yet e're while upon their proper Bogs
Recoil again in roaky Miſts and Fogs.
But ſwell and burſt, and let your eager Galls
Baniſh Your Souls from their black Hoſpitals:
And may the Aſps your poyſonous Tougues forſake,
To perſecute them in the *Stygian* Lake.
A Seed of Schiſmaticks, that would no doubt,
Like Vipers tear your Mothers Bowels out;
A Generation that like *Demophon*
Fry in the ſhade, and freez ſtill in the Sun.

Let them but to their lurking holes retire,
The Sister sets the Brothers zeal on fire.
But bring them to the Church, and they shall sit
More frozen than an icy Anchoret,
Sure a new Sect of Glo-worms these must be
That glister only in obscurity:
For at high-noon they are involv'd in night,
And have under a Bushel only light.
Like Owls they Cloister in an Ivy-tod;
And with Dark-Lanthorns grope about for God.
These be the Locusts did our Land annoy
Double the tedious ten years Siege of *Troy*:
And yet in troubled Waters still delight,
They shew their Teeth, and would, but dare not bite.
But let them hug their venom, that alone,
Like Wine, shall eat the Vipers to the bone.
The utmost therefore of their malice dare:
Their *Jacobs* staffe can never reach your Star.
Their Hatred does but set your vertue forth,
There is no Envy where there is no Worth.
Dare but what brave is, and Action affords
A Language louder than the noise of Words.
On still (brave soul) and down with their Forlorn:
Their Envy's better booty than their Scorn.
Blind Fools, that to forestall too forward Fate,
Must Envy what the wisest æmulate.
Of good Men (Sir) You merit more than well,
That take away the Scabs from *Israel*.
The Crown and Church stile You, for what is done,
A Loyal Subject, and a loving Son.
These Gangrenes from the Churches Body must
Be lop'd off, and your oft try'd Steel they trust
Will not turn edge now, when there is such need,
The Lunaticks of *London* (Sir) should bleed.

Grave

Grave their Sedition in their flesh, And let
Your Sword a Copy to all Captains set;
Whilst You (brave *Clark*) bent to your Countries good
Subscribe her Vindication with your blood.
Cudgel and Carbonade them o're and o're;
And stopping one mouth make a thousand more.
Out with the Brains of *Babel's* Brats; And when
Like impudent worms, they dare but turn agen.
Give thy enraged hand leave to denounce
Their Execution and their Urn at once.
Beat 'em to dirt; let ev'ry Corps but have
His Skin for Coffin, and his Earth for Grave;
Then to thy self upon their Ruines raise
A *Pyramid* of everlasting praise.
For fair and high needs must that Fabrick be
Where Honour founded is on Loyalty.

CAPTAIN *JOHN CLARKE.*

Annagram.

I CLEAR NO *PHANATICK.*

How? I clear no Phanatick? *Here you see*
An Annagram made up of Loyalty.
Fortune and Nature sure conspir'd that you
Should be the Scourge of the Phanatick Crew.
'Tis such an Annagram, all that look upon't
Swear your Commission was sign'd at the Font.
Hence (Noble Captain) all the World infer
T' had no Phanatick to your Godfather.

Upon forty ſhillings refus'd for a Nightingal that dyed next day.

HOw? forty ſhillings proffer'd, and ſo oft?
The Nightingal, believe me, ſung aloft.
But, wouldſt not take it (*Frank*?) had I been he,
I'de ſcarce have given a Noble more for thee.
What luck hadſt thou? the Bird, alas, fond man,
Sung her own dirge, as does the dying Swan.
Fool! for a toy, ſince thou wouldſt ſo much looſe,
The dying Bird, leaves thee a living Gooſe,
Who, when thy fortiſh folly ſhe eſpy'd,
Kickt up her heels for very grief and dy'd.
That thou, ſhe wiſer thought, ſhouldſt live ſo long,
And part with forty ſhillings for a Song.
The Nightingal comes in a ſtorm, they ſay
Thine rais'd a ſtorm in thee when 't went away.
Of thy ſweet Choriſter thou wer't too choice,
But now thy *Syren* (*Frank*) has loſt her voice.
And being dead, what is ſhe worth? a ruſh?
This Bird in hand had been as well ith' buſh.
Know this, and for it henceforth be my Debter,
A Bird in hand does well, but money better.
The evil Angels ſure did overcome thee,
Or thou hadſt never driven good Angels from thee.
Hadſt thou but let their beams thy pocket gild,
Thou hadſt been Crown'd, that now art chronicled.
(weathers,
They would have made thee ſing, and drink all
But much good do ye (*Frank*) with your fine fea-
(thers.

Here

Here lyes that Bird, can neither chirp, nor ſing,
But, where's the mony? that's upon the wing.
In earneſt, this is but a ſorry jeſt,
You, and your Bird are both dead in the neſt.
Thus, ill advis'd, thou haſt deny'd to day
Money for that, to morrow throwes away.
Thou haſt, I tell thee true, as the caſe ſtands,
A dead commodity lyes on thy hands.
Whilſt Avarice ſpur'd thy demands ſtill higher,
Ile lay my life, thou haſt loſt money by her.
But ne're repent, nor be to paſſion ſtir'd,
For thou art rid of an unlucky Bird.
Thy Nightingal did to thy grief depart,
And left her thorn to prick thee to the heart.

To the foul and falſe.

WIſh not to know this Woman, ſhe is worſe
Than all Ingredients made into a curſe.
Were ſhe but Ugly, Peeviſh, Proud, a Whore,
Perjur'd, and Painted, ſo ſhe were no more.
I could forgive her, and connive at this,
Alleaging, ſtill ſhe but a woman is:
But ſhe is worſe, and may in time fore-ſtall
The Devil, and be the damning of us all.

To the Fair and Faithful.

YEt wiſh to know her, for, ſhe ſweeter is,
Than *Indian* ſpices for *Elyſian* bliſſe.
Were ſhe but Comely, Courteous, and Tall,
Conſtant, and Chaſt as Doves, if that were all,
I could not love her, though injoyn'd by fate?
Nature does this in others imitate:
But ſhe's a vertue, may from vice recall
The World, and be the ſaving of us all.

Upon a Friend calling me out in a froſty Morning to take a walk to Holloway *before day.*

THe winged Knight had ſcarce *proclaim'd* the *day*,
When *Charles* the *Chantecleer* cryes, Come away.
He call'd me in an interval, too ſoon
To ſee the Sun, and too late for the Moon;
Nevertheleſs his clamour does out-plead,
The ſoft and ſilent Rethorick of my bed.
I ſtart, and grope my Cloaths out, and with feet,
Not guided by my eyes, but ears, we meet.
(*Charles*) ſaid I, prethee ſtay till it be night.
For none but Thieves and Spirits walk by light.
But on we march, till our juſt fears prevail,
And make us take a ſubterfuge of Ale.

Thus

Thus ruſht we on the Rocks to ſhun the ſhelves,
That is, for fear of Thieves, we rob'd our ſelves.
At laſt we lookt up to the dawning Sky,
And ſaw Heavens *Polypheme* had op'd his eye.
Then to the nipping Fields we march together,
Preſuming that we might out-face the Weather.
The un-even-clod pav'd way we went, where oft,
That which we fear'd too hard, we found too ſoft.
A way, ſo trodden was with Cow and Oxe,
It lookt as it had gotten the ſmal Pox.
Be't what it will, I can aſſure ye thus,
It was ſo tender 'twould not bear with us.
Through many a *Holloway* I'me ſure we ran,
E're we could ſet an eye on the Green man.
Yet this indeed, I muſt in juſtice ſay,
Heaven ſeem'd t' have lent the Earth her milky *way*.
At every ſtep we left the graſs behind,
Candy'd with Sugar, more than twice refin'd.
The Fiſh were jayl'd up in the Cryſtal ponds,
And paths were ſtrow'd with duſt of Diamonds.
Not an impreſſion where a Horſe had gone,
But it was garniſht with a *Briſtol* ſtone.
The Muſes too inſpir'd us ſo that time,
That we were over-head and ears in ry'me.
I ſhould have more of this, our travel told,
But that 'tis now, troth, as it then was, cold.

Upon a Gentlewoman providing a ſecond Husband whilſt her firſt was alive.

HEre's a new way to beat up Loves alarms;
Beſpeak one Husband in anothers arms?
You are a nimble Whipſter here I ſee,
You'l loſe no time, but, faith you ſhall loſe me.
You come apace, but pray, upon what ſcore?
Is this Your forecaſt, for a caſt before?
If You caſt forward, thus you'l throw moſt men,
And muſt be ridden with a Crupper then.
Your Husband's ſick, and you fear all will be
Marry'd before your day of *Jubilee*.
Admit him too in your opinion dead,
What of all that? he is not buryed:
Nor yet in's Winding ſheet, unleſſe you'd have
As the Prieſt ſayes, his bed to be his Grave,
If that be ſo? I know no reaſon, why,
Being his Wife, you ſhould not with him lye.
Pray be content, I like not ſo the life,
To purchaſe the Reverſion of a Wife.
So long as I thought good, for thee I tarryed,
But now (and may it kill thee) I am marryed.
To one whom above all thy Sex I love
With an affection nothing can remove.
Or any whit abate, untill I be,
As thou wouldſt had thy Husband, dead for me.
Whoſe impudence in this too forward puſh,
Would ſhame a Wife, and make a Widdow bluſh.

The

The Vizor Mask.

BOugh! what a Bug-bear? guard me gentle Love,
Women have got their ſecrets now above.
There's Treachery in your dark Lanthorn put,
Or queſtionleſſe, you'd never keep it ſhut.
I cannot but lament Your black Diſaſter,
You look like Cows, bumbled for breaking Paſture.
Of many ſhifts I have ta'ne notice, but
Never did I ſee ſuch a cover-ſlut.
All *Ægypt* in a diſmal Darkneſs lyes
Only a little *Goſhen* for your eyes. (holes peep.
Who, while your Gloworms through the loop-
Make me I know you not, from a black Sheep.
Ladies, methinks you do your Dreſſe miſ-place,
Black Hoods are for the Head, not for the Face.
And yet your Hooding thus, I cannot blame,
If 't be, as 'tis with Hawks, to keep you tame?
(Lips,
Thus you, from Forehead down the Cheeks and
Leſt we ſhould ſee your Spots, the whole Eccliplſe.
But 'tis no matter, you have hit the mark,
Your Faces now, juſt as your deeds, are dark.
Your impious actions ſome concealment aſk,
And you have got confuſion for a Mask.
O Impudence, but that ye wanted grace,
Y' had not been now aſham'd to ſhew your face.

What?

What? have you been at *Had'em* with a Pox,
That You have put Your Noſe in a black Box?
I'me ſorry that the humour ſhould ſo ſwerve,
But prethee ſay, will no leſſe Plaiſter ſerve?
See then the fruit of your confounded Claps,
Y' have gotten now black *Monday* on your Chaps.
'Tis a dark night, and yet the Moon's at full,
Europa's cover'd here with a black Bull.
But, fate will have it ſo, I vow 'tis hard,
That ſuch as you ſhould be of the black-guard.
You have my pitty, but to tell You true,
This, this is it your Pride has brought You to.
What can I of Your Commendation write?
Nothing, unleſſe I'le ſay the Crow is white.
Your harlotry has brought ye to this coat,
And blemiſht Your Eſcutcheons with this blot,
Hereafter (Ladies) let me beg this boon,
If ye be Fair? put not on night, at noon.
This comfort though, to your dark ſhop belongs
The Mask that hides Your Faces, holds your (tongues.

Vindication of the Vizor-Mask.

THen trouble me no more, but go and aſk
Aſtronomers, why *Luna* wears a Mask?
Or why the Stars that of themſelves are bright
For want of ſhadows, make a Mask of light?
If as to theſe, you ignorance confeſſe:
How dares Your rudeneſs then attach my dreſſe?
Whoſe ſubterfuge I take but in extreams,
Of the face-ſullying Fogs, and ſultry beams.

In

In ſofteſt skins my tender hands I caſe,
And would you have me weather beat my Face?
But ſtay; the faſhion moves You, it appears
'Cauſe it wants tape to tack it to my ears:
Or cauſe it wants, (and that's the cauſe I doubt)
My Grandam's Chin-cloath for to eke it out.
No, I ſhall put my Mask on now, and ſave
My Muffler for my journey to my Grave.
A ſuitable, though ſable Field's my Vail,
Richer by far, than your's part *per* pale.
You ſay it covers both my Cheeks and Chin.
And tell me (pray Sir) are not they akin?
But here's the matter makes my Mask unmeet,
It hides my Face, 'tis like, when you would ſee't.
If ſo? I am, and with a juſt excuſe,
In pitty to your weakneſſe a Recluſe.
For fearing a ſurprize, my Face I hid,
Leſt I ſhould tempt You with the Fruit forbid.
You ſay You know me not, what then? the Tree
Of Knowledge, has a Root of miſery.
You tell us Thouſand ſtories in your books,
That Women wound ye with their very looks.
Mine may be Ponyards for ought You e're ſaw,
And are You angry that I do not draw?
Miſchiefs have Dragons eyes, be wiſe and keep
Pandora's Box ſhut, and let Lyons ſleep.
Ben't ſo fool hardy, and ſo fond of death,
To dare out ſteel, that ſlumbers in its ſheath.
Conſider, but it is as ſafe to ſtare
Upon a *Baſiliſk*, as her that's Fair.
And have no hope: if ſhe be otherwiſe,
Her Mask is then a mercy to thine eyes.
Say I am to a ſtate of Marriage come,
Do I not well to keep my Face at home?

Or if unmarry'd? tell me why I ſhould
Keep open Shop, where nothing's to be ſold.
Given or parted with, but ſay there were,
Believe it 'tis but to one Cuſtomer.
And to direct him to this heart of mine,
I need not ſet my face out for a Sign.
Thus Maid, or marry'd fair, foul, what you will,
The Vizor-Mask carries a favour ſtill.

Upon a Mad Parſon playing at Tables for Tobacco, and carried to the Compter.

A Parſon playing, proves the Goſpel true,
The Harveſt great is, but, the lab'rours few.
The Candle now (while you're extinguiſht quite)
Is all the burning, and the ſhining light.
Are you for Tables? *Moſes* does produce
Tables that more befit a Levits uſe.
Which would you practice, and be cunning in,
You there might ſouls, and not Tobacco win.
Why would You play ſo open? when one blot
O'rethrows your Game, and falls upon Your Coat.
You were too forward, and therein too blame,
The cunning Serjeant plaid an after-game.
And ſtill his opportunity did wait,
No point was open, but the Compter-Gate.
Your Landlord ran for't, and the Lime-twig now,
Wanting a Man to enter, enter'd you.
Who little thought ſo ſoon as you had riſen,
You were to preach unto the ſpirits in priſon.
Where now you wiſh (with all your heart no doubt)
You were (as you alas have oft been) out.

But

But, ah! poor Parſon, thy ill fortune falls,
Like *Balaams* four leg'd Elder's, 'twixt the Walls.
But, art thou handled in this Piteous faſhion?
Suffer I pray a word of Exhortation.
And is it ſo, thou thus art faln? 'Tis well,
The way to Heaven, is by the Gates of Hell.
But is it ſo, thou art indeed (poor ſoul)
In *Peters* ſheet among all manner of foul.
And wholy deſtitute of Liberty,
Chain'd up as books are in a Library,
And ſo diſtracted, thou canſt go about
No ſtudy, for the ſtudy to get out?
Then learn we hence this wholſom Leſſon, we
That profeſs Orders, ſhould live orderly.
Take my advice, 'tis Your attention worth,
Precept does well, but Practice that holds forth.
But time I ſee prevents me, I muſt run,
Beloved, one word more and I have done.
Here *Iſhmael* could not forbear a ſcoffe;
Parſon, I ſee what Colledge you are of.
Thus, briefly I have done with you at laſt,
I ſhould proceed, but ſee the time is paſt.
I have, I fear, your patience too much vext,
And therefore, ſo much for this time and Text.

Upon a Leiceſter-ſhire Parſon in his Pulpit inveighing againſt Citizens, particularly one Gentleman preſent in the Church, and Suitor to a Gentlemans Daughter of the Pariſh, warning the Maids Parents to take heed, for Citizens come in fine Cloaths, which, 'tis like they never paid for.

HOw now? what means this Bean-Belly Divine?
For want of Pearls he's caſting Peas to Swine.
What Seminary pray pretend you to?
You ſhould be *Oxon* by Your *lowing* ſo.
Has *London* diſ-oblig'd you (Sir) 'tis pitty
Y'are not a *Jonah* to condemn the City.
And yet (ſmall Prophet), truſt you but for ſtuffe,
You'l bring Us to Repentance ſoon enuffe.
For I believe you then would whip to Town,
And be in our books, oftner than your own.
But tell us (Sir) where was your Text? And pray
How came this uſe of caution in your way?
Methinks Your Doctrine ſmells too much of leven,
To interdict Marriage deſign'd in Heaven;
You would be Chriſt's ſubvicar ſure! I wonder,
Whom God is joyning, you dare put aſunder.
Firſt with the Parents worſhip you began,
Are we not all the Sons of ſinful man,
Veſſels of Earth, and vileneſſe, Worms that muſt
Confeſſe our aſhes, and extraction duſt?
Sir, when you preach, it is the ſouls Eſtate:
If other wealth your Subject be, you prate?

Herein,

Herein, indeed, you your great reading ſhew
To quote the Fathers, and the Mothers too.
And even the Children; my conjecture's this,
Your Text muſt needs be out of *Geneſis*.
And (Sir) you did divide it thus I know,
The *Ubi*, *Quis*, the *Quam* and *Quomodo*. (match her,
Quam was the Maid, the *Quis* the Man would
The *Quomodo* was all how he ſhould catch her.
The *Ubi* was Cheap-ſide, you could Divine,
Had they been marry'd too, the very ſign.
For the abuſes and miſ-applications,
They rather Cudgel askt than commendations.
Pray what had you to do with outward dreſſe,
You were to ſee us cloath'd with Righteouſneſs.
The Citizen I'm ſure was in ſheeps cloathing,
And ſo were you, though a wolfe by your mouthing.
And ſo were you? I call thoſe words agen,
Your Wits (Sir) were but a wool-gathering then.
His cloaths were paid for (Prieſt) e're he came down,
Would all your Sermons, were as ſure your own.
Such an Elaborate piece as this is, calls
For a Grand auditory, ſuch as St. *Pauls*.
And yet you may your ſelf that labour ſave,
Inſtead of hums, you there would hiſſes have.
This I forgive, but have a care 'oth' next,
Parſon, indeed you were beſide your Text.
If into more ſuch folly you be led, (head.
You'l break your Brains. And I ſhall break your

-----*Nè ſævi magnè ſacerdos.*

FINIS.

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